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PRINCE ALEXIS AND THE N. Y. FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The review of the Metropolitan Fire Department by the Grand Duke Alexis took place on the 28th ult., in Tompkins Square. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, the square was crowded long before the hour named for the commencement of the review. The south side of the square was reserved for carriages, and a space inclosed by ropes was kept clear for the fine apparatus which comprised Engine Companies Nos. 3, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 26, 30, and 31, with Hook and Ladder Companies Nos. 5, 9, and 10. These were ranged on the northeast and west sides of the square, and in the centre of the south side was the platform erected for the accommodation of the Grand Duke and suit, and the Fire Commissioners. Near by was a music stand occupied by Grafulla's band.

About half past one P.M. the Prince and suit, accompanied by Generals M'Dowell and Shaler, and other gentlemen, arrived on the ground in carriages. Their appearance was hailed with hearty cheers, the band playing the Russian national anthem. The Prince, who wore a brown overcoat, blue pantaloons, and a white hat, ascended the platform, and as soon as the band had ceased playing, in company with the Fire Commissioners, passed around the square, and inspected each engine with its company drawn up beside it. The Grand Duke then returned to the platform, and the brigade passed in review before him, the officers saluting by raising their trumpets. After the apparatus had passed once round at a walk they halted, and

THE REVIEW OF THE METROPOLITAN FIRE BRIGADE BY THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.—[From a Sketch by C. S. Reinhart.]

then passed a second time at a trot, and again at a gallop. The review ended, all the officers of the several companies were introduced to the Prince, who shook hands with each, and expressed his pleasure and interest in the exhibition.

On the return of the party to the Clarendon Hotel it was proposed to give the Prince a practical illustration of the efficiency of the department. In company with the Fire Commissioners, he walked to the corner of Seventeenth Street, and the alarm-box being opened, he telegraphed "Fire in Union Square." The Prince then returned, but before he could reach the hotel balcony the noise of swiftly rolling wheels and galloping horses could be distinctly heard, and in a few seconds afterward several engines and ladder companies, followed by the Insurance Patrol, dashed into the square. In about three minutes after the alarm had been sounded two streams were thrown on the Everett House, and within five minutes ladders were raised to the hotel windows, and men were on the roofs of the adjoining stables. The parade was a very interesting affair; there was not a hitch in the arrangements from the beginning to the close, and the Prince expressed himself as greatly impressed by the exhibition of the discipline and efficiency of the department.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1871.

☞ *In the present Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be found the opening chapters of* GEORGE ELIOT'S *new Serial Story. It is entitled*

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LOOKING ABOUT US.

IT is a little surprising to see with what readiness the passive policy of the St. Louis *Republican* is accepted by the leaders of the Democratic party. In speeches and letters and articles they declare that the paramount necessity is the defeat of General GRANT, and they profess themselves willing to support a Republican, to support any body who promises to unite the opposition. We have already stated that as the controlling element of that opposition must necessarily be Democratic, the result, if it could be successful, would be in substance a Democratic triumph. But from another point of view it does not seem to occur to the Democratic chiefs that a party which passes an election is a past party. A party which declines to contest the Presidency upon party grounds does so only because it is persuaded that it does not command public confidence. Its conduct shows its consciousness that its leaders, its principles, and its professions are so distrusted that contest is useless.

Yet the leaders probably trust in their party name and organization so fondly as to believe that they can brave apparent dissolution. To nominate a regular Democratic ticket, and fail for the fourth time, would be necessarily fatal. But if, without formally disbanding, they could successfully support an opponent of General GRANT, they could then appropriate the victory as Democratic. This was the policy of Mr. B. F. BUTLER and the other Democratic leaders of the Buffalo Convention of 1848—a policy in which Mr. CHASE joined. Mr. VAN BUREN was nominated upon an antislavery platform; and the effort was instantly made to give the movement the name of Free Democracy, although the Convention was composed equally of Liberty party men, of Conscience Whigs, and of Democrats. Had the candidates been elected, the result would have been claimed as a real Democratic victory, and the Barnburners would have insisted that they had proved themselves to be the true Democracy, and that the rest of the party must acquiesce. So, in the present case, as the overwhelming mass of supporters of the anti-Republican candidate—even supposing him to be General GRANT—would be Democratic, and as the conditions of the movement would naturally indicate a Republican candidate of Democratic antecedents, the result would be claimed as a victory of the reformed Democracy. The party name would reappear, and the party ascendency, with new elements, would be restored.

It is true that such a combination could not be called precisely the Democratic party that we know. But it would contain all the worst elements of that party. Many Democrats would, undoubtedly, take the opportunity of the practical disbanding of the party to vote for the continued ascendency of an Administration which has so satisfied the country that organized party opposition is dissolving. And that fact alone might offer a text for the reflection of Republicans who contemplate entering into the coalition. Do they seriously think that the President disarms opposition by despotism or terror? Do they believe that if the people of the United States supposed the President to be venal, or unmindful of the Constitution and of law, they would show such confidence in his administration, knowing that a general Administration victory in the third year, when the President is named as the probable candidate, will be accepted as an approval of that nomination?

Where, indeed, is the evidence that there is general Republican dissatisfaction with the Administration? Are the extremity and imminent dissolution of the Democratic party such evidence? There has never been an Administration without an opposition in its own party. During the Presidency of Mr. LINCOLN there were sharper Republican criticism and hostility than there are now, and there was much that deserved sharp criticism. But the faith of the country was firm. It was not, indeed, always possible to make a satisfactory reply to every objection that was urged. But those objections did not touch, and should not have disturbed, the general trust in the President. Mr. LINCOLN, it was said, was a boor, a trifler, a hesitating antislavery man, a drifter. He told unhandsome stories; he had queer crotchets. And at last those who considered themselves to be especially Republican nominated General FREMONT at Cleveland. We knew those who thought that a vigorous and unsparing man like General BUTLER should be the choice of the party. What Republican does not recall those days? What Republican is not reminded of them now?

If the Democratic leaders feel so deeply the imminent peril of their party that they are even willing to accept a Republican candidate, it is plain that they expect the defeat and disbanding of the party if they can not have Republican aid. But what has any sincere Republican to gain by reviving the Democrats, even if he compasses the defeat of General GRANT? If the Democratic party should virtually disappear, the responsibility of the Republicans would be so great that only by the most signal and satisfactory measures of administration could they hope to save their own party from dissolution. Indeed, the objects which the dissatisfied Republicans hold most dear are, and for the reason just mentioned, very much nearer attainment under an absolute and unquestioned Republican supremacy than under any Administration which a coalition could bring into power. The policy of an Administration is determined by the general sentiment of the party; and what would be the general sentiment of a party of Democrats and dissatisfied Republicans it is not easy to imagine. "What wonderful patience you have with the Administration!" said one Republican to another. "Yes," was the reply, "but the credit of the country is secure; my taxes are diminishing; the constitutional rights of every citizen of the United States are every where protected by the United States, even if the States themselves fail to protect them; the name and power of my country were never so much respected abroad; we are honorably at peace with all the world, and where we are disturbed at home it is not the fault of the Administration. Why should I not have patience?"

THE "TRIBUNE" AND THE PRESIDENCY.

IN a recent article, under the head of "Presidential," the New York *Tribune* remarks: "We respectfully protest against the acrimony, the malevolence, the proscriptive venom manifested by certain journals which have been set on to clear the field of all intruders. If the majority have already decided the Presidential question, there can be neither harm nor danger in allowing the minority to indicate their dissent. Let the semblance, at least, of freedom of choice be maintained, and not drown all diversity in a hoarse clamor that no difference exists." This seems to us to be a misapprehension of the situation. For many months there has been a discussion of the Presidential nomination. In the spring the *Tribune* said that it thought such a discussion to be premature, and that it should not begin until after the autumn elections. That opinion, however, was not shared by many other papers, and the discussion has continued.

The larger number of the Republican papers in the country which have taken part in the debate have declared their preference for the renomination of General GRANT. Meanwhile the *Tribune*, while not directly alluding to the subject, has certainly done every thing that it could do, without openly opposing the Administration, to produce distrust of the President, with the intention of inducing the party to prefer some other candidate. Of course there is no question of its right to do this. It has not concealed its opposition to the renomination of the President. But it does not seem to have perceived that its tone in criticising him and his administration has been as much a discussion of the nomination as if it had directly addressed itself to that subject, and that it was certainly not the least sagacious course. The *Tribune* will certainly not complain that those who differ from it have sought in the usual manner to prevent what they believed would be the unfortunate results of the success of its counsels and course. As it deals heavy blows at its opponents, so its opponents have undoubtedly retorted as strongly as they could. And as the *Tribune* and those who agreed with it have not concealed their conviction that the renomination of the President would be disastrous to the party and to the country, so those who favor that nomination have plainly declared that they believed it would be advantageous to the country, and that it was in their judgment the wish of a great majority of the party.

What, then, does the *Tribune* mean by its protest against "the acrimony, malevolence, and proscriptive venom" of those Republicans who favor the renomination? If they have supported their views vehemently, has the *Tribune* been mealy-mouthed in presenting its own? And if the journals that support the renomination are to be considered as selfishly "set on" to clear the field of intruders, why is not the *Tribune* equally open to the suspicion of being selfishly "set on" to clear the field of rivals? We say here plainly that we ascribe no such motives to the *Tribune;* but is it not unjust to itself, and to the Republican papers that differ, when it denounces them as malevolent, proscriptive, and "set on" by some unworthy motive? It seems, unquestionably, as if the majority of the party had already decided the question of the renomination. The *Tribune* properly asks that a fair consideration be given to all our able and patriotic statesmen. It made the same plea in 1867–68, when it described General GRANT as a sashed and sworded sphinx. But before the Convention met, the sentiment of the party had decided the question. It knew the other candidates, but it preferred GRANT. It knows the others now, but it seems to prefer GRANT. The Republican chiefs who oppose him are either passive or look toward a fresh alliance and a new party. They are not understood to be hopeful of defeating his nomination in our own Convention, and the reason is that they feel it to be already decided by the party. It is idle, therefore, for the *Tribune* to speak of proscription and venom, and of "allowing the minority to indicate their dissent." The *Tribune* has been in the minority before, but it never failed to indicate its dissent in a way that commanded attention. It has the same opportunity now, and it is using it to the utmost, and has no need whatever to cry quarter.

MR. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS'S LATEST LETTER.

MR. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, as his frequent letters upon political subjects assure us, is a gentleman of infinite jest and most excellent fancy. His correspondence with Buncombe is large, and there is probably nobody in the country who enjoys it more than he. But even humor has its limits, and even the constituency of Buncombe has some commonsense. In his last letter Mr. ADAMS remarks that "a mere majority, even if it could be mustered, would not be permitted to elect a Democrat for next President. Nothing, then, remains but civil war or submission to the usurper; and it is difficult to decide which alternative will inflict more irreparable injury upon the habit of free government." Isn't this rather an extravagance of Mr. ADAMS'S humor? Of course we expect to hear from an opposition party in a hopeless minority that the Constitution is violated and the country ruined until it gets into power. But when a Massachusetts politician, just defeated in his own town as a candidate for the Legislature, airily talks of civil war as a remedy for the unfavorable result of an election, he should be reminded that he is merely echoing the secessionists of 1860, and his profession of regard for liberty and constitutional rights becomes as contemptible as theirs.

Mr. ADAMS says that the Democratic party is "powerless alone to relieve us." And why? Simply because the spirit of his letter is believed to animate that party. The people of the United States, who understand both what liberty and constitutional methods and duties are, will have no more of this bloody threat of civil war from disappointed and defeated party leaders. Civil war has been tried, and it has failed to baffle the lawfully expressed will of the people. The rebellion was an insurrection against the lawful majority. Messrs. TOOMBS, and DAVIS, and MASON, and SLIDELL, and WIGFALL, and BENJAMIN said, as Mr. ADAMS says now, "Nothing, then, remains but civil war or submission to the usurper;" and they chose the war, which Mr. ADAMS now says is not worse than submission.

The rebel leaders called President LINCOLN a gorilla and a baboon; Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS calls President GRANT "an ignoble incubus." The rebels called President LINCOLN a bloody tyrant; Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS calls President GRANT "a usurper." How is he a usurper? He was elected by an actual and lawful majority of the votes cast, and that notwithstanding the frauds of Mr. ADAMS'S party friends the Tammany Ring, and the coercion of the colored vote in some of the Southern States by Mr. ADAMS'S political allies the Ku-Klux. Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, at the end of the war, and in the protecting presence of Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR, in Fanueil Hall, went over to the party of Copperheads and ex-rebels, and now remarks that a Republican administration blunts "the keen sensibilities of popular liberty;" and joining the author of the Plaquemine frauds and the Tammany repeaters and ballot-box stuffers, declares that "if the votes of any of the States lately in rebellion were necessary to elect a Democratic candidate, they would be thrown out in the counting."

Mr. ADAMS mistakes himself. He is a humorist, not a statesman nor a political leader. He is unable to see that no party can hope for success in this country whose policy in defeat is the Mexican policy of armed revolt, or whose fidelity to liberty and equal rights is so uncertain as that of the party which he has joined. He is a gentleman of education and intelligence, and from his tongue or pen aspersions upon the President as intending an armed maintenance of his position against the popular will, which might be excusable from Ku-Klux orators in remote Southern districts, are disgraceful. The people of the country will observe that Mr. ADAMS, as an ex-Republican and the newest of the Democratic letter-writers, is deemed to be one of the most reasonable and advanced men of his party. Yet he does not hesitate to speak of the probable result of the election in the Southern tone of 1860. His letter justifies more fully than any thing which has been lately published that profound distrust of the Democratic party which is felt by the most intelligent and patriotic men.

THE HUNTER'S POINT QUESTION.

WHEN the village of Hunter's Point was incorporated, with other villages, as Long Island City, a Department of Education was formed, consisting of five members, of whom two were Roman Catholics, and the by-laws of the New York Department of Education were adopted. The twelfth of the series provides that there shall be reading from the Bible and singing of secular airs at the opening of the schools. The reading of the Bible was gradually omitted until it ceased. But upon the opening of the school on the 4th of September of this year, Mr. SIEBERG, the principal, began to read as prescribed by the rules. A few days later Mr. FRISEL, one of the trustees of the school, was present at the beginning of the day's duties, and formally protested against the reading, and succeeded, in the Board of Education, in having the reading suspended for one month. Mr. SIEBERG obeyed his instructions, and when the Board ordered the reading of the Commandments or of the Lord's Prayer at the opening of school, Mr. FRISEL again protested, and Mr. SIEBERG again obeyed.

The consequences of the protest will have been foreseen. Several of the scholars interrupted the reading with shouts and defiance. Some of the larger boys threatened the principal, who had them arrested, and they were quickly bailed. He was insulted and assaulted with missiles in the street. He received anonymous threats of the extremest violence if he persisted. Pupils were suspended and sent away, and some were brought back by their parents. Forty were expelled for disorder in one day. The principal continues to read what the Board of Education has ordered; the building is protected by the police; and while it is reported that some of the Roman Catholic parents, and even the priest of the parish, disapprove the tumult, it is evident that they are unable to restrain the riotous demonstrations. The case in itself is very plain. Every honorable parent, of whatever faith, should defend Mr. SIEBERG, who obeys the rules, which are not peculiar to his school, but are rightfully in force in every school subject to the Long Island City Board of Education or that of New York. If Mr. FRISEL is opposed to the rule, he may reason

with the Board of which he is a member. If he can not persuade it, and is yet convinced that it is a violation of the rights of the citizen, he may appeal to the public. But it is not to be allowed—and Mr. Frisel and all his friends should distinctly understand it—that when a man or a body of men do not like a law or a regulation, they should resort to riot to change it.

The Hunter's Point question is not whether the Bible should be read in the public schools, but whether a mob or the Board of Education should regulate the school exercises. We are not surprised to see that many of the Roman Catholic parents support the principal, for there are many of them undoubtedly who wholly disapprove the method of the attack upon the public-school system. They also see, perhaps, that the real point of the attack itself is not the Bible in the school, but the school. For if the Bible should be excluded, the attack would be continued under the cry that the schools were godless and irreligious. That, however, is another question. If the rule is to be changed, it is to be changed upon reflection and peacefully, not riotously and under a passionate appeal.

CUBA.

The situation in Cuba suggests grave thoughts. That Spain has virtually lost the island can hardly be doubted. The Volunteers, who are not generally native Cubans, but a temporary trading population, have absolute control. Their rule is cruel and revolting. No recent event is more shameful than the murder of the eight students tried at the drum-head and shot for a boyish freak. The tragedy has all the elements of the gloomy, sullen, remorseless tyranny which a Spanish tyranny seems always to be. Among such assassins our own countrymen are, of course, not safe, and the Government has properly ordered ships for their relief in case of extremity. But when American citizens have acquired rights of any kind, of property or business, in another country, the Government can not permanently guard them by its own arms. The local authorities must protect them, or we must consider further.

So long as Spain maintained its authority in Cuba, the annoyances of civil war to which American citizens were subjected were the necessary inconvenience of a legitimate situation. We could not rightfully oppose Spain in the attempt to maintain her authority in her colony until it was evident, as in the case of the South American colonies, that it was merely a pretense, and not an actual attempt. Yet, while the effort lasted, we could, of course, insist that our own citizens should not be personally molested, reserving all our rights of action if they were. It would now seem as if the time has come when the attempt of Spain to retain Cuba is a mere pretense. The Captain-General is plainly mastered by the Volunteers. His representative abandoned the young men to their murderers, and the Captain-General himself seems not to have even thought of resisting their will.

The situation is, however, not simple. Not only is Spain unlikely to concede the independence of Cuba, but the Volunteers are not likely to demand it. They wish the name and prestige of Spain, while they hold the real power in the island. The hatred between the Volunteers and the Cubans is deep and deadly. But the Cubans effect nothing beyond holding a certain district in disturbance. What is called the Cuban government, even if it now exists, is nothing that can be recognized by other powers. The Volunteers, therefore, govern in the usurped name of Spain; and if Spain submits to the situation, she disappears as an element to be considered, and we must deal directly with the actual power.

If no tangible government presents itself for the protection of our interests and citizens upon the island, and yet such a government seems to be possible with our assistance, it would become, as diplomatists say, a very grave question what our duty might be. Very plainly, however, it can not be our duty either to request our citizens to withdraw from the island, and sacrifice all their interests, or to keep a fleet upon the coast of Cuba for their permanent protection. Meanwhile, if Congress would call for an exact statement of the situation, it would be a public benefit.

GENERAL SCHENCK AND THE EMMA MINE.

We hope that before this paper is issued some satisfactory explanation will have been received from General Schenck, in London, of his connection with the Emma Mine. Certainly it is not like Americans, who are lovers of fair play, to insist that the worst aspect of the case must necessarily be the true one, although it is not easy to see how the General can dissipate the unpleasant impression that his conduct has been incompatible with his position. If he were interested in the mine as stockholder or director when he went to England as minister, there was no reason in the fact of his accepting the mission that he should relinquish his property. But if the company wished to profit by his official presence in England by appealing to the English public, General Schenck should at once have withdrawn his name from the list of directors. For there is nothing more positively settled, and for the most obvious and conclusive reasons, than that a diplomatic officer should not engage in trade or in the fulfillment of trusts that may involve litigation.

The presumption arising from the circular of the Emma Mining Company issued in London is, however, unfavorable to General Schenck, because it implies that he has consented to become a director since he has been minister. The words of the circular are "Major-General Schenck has, on account of the exceptional character of the undertaking, consented to act as one of the directors." This is hardly the manner in which he would be mentioned if he had been already a director; and as it is said in the same circular that three gentlemen, of whom General Schenck is one—the other two being Englishmen—"have consented to act as trustees for the share-holders until the property is duly transferred," it seems to be scarcely possible that the General has not made the very serious mistake of undertaking business transactions when, by reason of his official position, he is personally exempt from responsibility.

It is not, of course, required by any rule of the service, nor by any general consideration of propriety, that a diplomatic agent should, upon accepting his trust, sell his private property, or decline to retain a voice in the management of property in which he is associated with others. But the condition is imperative that he must not allow that associated management to be benefited by his official position upon any pretense whatever. There is no question in this case of the probity of General Schenck. Nobody alleges that he would intentionally lend his name to sustain "wild-cat" schemes. If the facts really be as they appear, there is, at most, an error of judgment. But even although it be an error with good intention, it is too grave an error to be overlooked. We have only to imagine Sir Edward Thornton, the British minister in this country, authorizing the use of his name to advance stock speculations, to perceive the fatal impropriety of the act. We state the case as it appears, that General Schenck's explanation may be the more readily understood; and we ask for him the fair play which every American representative in other countries has a right to expect of his countrymen.

PERSONAL.

General Chester A. Arthur, whose gory epaulets were won as a member of Governor Morgan's staff, comes again to the front as Collector of the Port of New York. He is the son of a clergyman, the Rev. William Arthur, of Newtonville. Clergymen's sons are proverbial for being good men, caring more for piety than politics or pelf, and opposed to all proscription for opinion's sake. His predecessor, Mr. Murphy, was conspicuous for this latter virtue; and it is confidently asserted that General Arthur will not emulate him therein, but elevate the standard of custom-house virtue to the fine pinnacle it obtained under the administration of G. Washington.

—The venerable Gerrit Smith, of Peterborough, is now in his seventy-fifth year, yet so perfect is his memory that he can repeat most of the Psalms of David, and many other parts of the Sacred Volume.

—The name of "George, the Count Joannes," is one of infrequent occurrence in the columns of this journal. But he made a neat hit the other day in the Supreme Court, before Judge Brady, when alluding to the mandamus compelling the aldermen to count the vote of the aldermen elect. Said he: "Your honor, what the people of New York are looking for, in connection with these returns, is an *honest count—Ecce Homo!*"

—Mr. Fellows, Assistant District-Attorney of this city, last week stated that he had examined the records of the Court of General Sessions for the past fifteen years, during which time precisely 19,014 indictments had been found by the Grand Jury, and over 15,000 disposed of in open court; and that in all cases where the indictments were filed it was because complainants did not appear to prosecute.

—General Gorloff, the temporary successor of M. Catacazy at Washington, has some reputation as a soldier and scholar. He has written several works on military tactics. During his residence at Hartford, looking after the execution of the Russian contract for arms from the Colt Manufacturing Company, he has made himself quite popular, as Russians generally do. M. Catacazy is about the only one who has developed a singular talent in the opposite direction.

—As counts seem just now to be in order, it may be well enough to mention that Count Gustav von Blücher, grand-nephew of him of Waterloo, has made application for reinstatement in the regular army of the United States, which position he resigned for the purpose of taking part in the Franco-Prussian war.

—General Robinson, of the Army of the Cumberland, was at one of those army reunions in Detroit, a few days since, and observed that when General Selfridge and General Barnum were stationed at Raleigh, there was some rivalry between them. One day Barnum visited an insane asylum, and received quite an ovation. Whereupon Selfridge, in hope of being similarly treated, and determined not to be outdone, took his band and *serenaded a deaf and dumb institution.*

—Bismarck, it is said, has a greater desire to see and talk with General Sherman than with any American at present extant. General S. will go and see and talk with him, and they will be pretty sure to like each other.

—Mr. Sumner has been much among business men during the summer and autumn, inquiring into the financial condition of the country. He is in favor of an immediate return to specie payments, and believes that New England folk, without regard to party, will sustain him in his efforts to bring it about.

—Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, who has recently come into such notoriety in England for his bold advocacy of a republican form of government for that country, is only twenty-nine. He was educated at Cambridge, and is already an LL.D. He owns the *Athenæum*, a valuable newspaper property, which belonged to his father and grandfather before him. He is an M.P., and a rather smart young man.

—The Grand Duke took his Thanksgiving meal with Mr. William H. Aspinwall, and there made his initial acquaintance with the American turkey, the traditional pumpkin-pie, and the cosmopolitan plum-pudding, "both." Some dyspeptic person has written this about the G. D.:

> There was a reception committee
> Which was rather more wealthy than witty.
> When the Prince came ashore
> He remarked, "What a bore
> To be dogged by this self-made committee!"
>
> But after the Academy crusher,
> When asked, "Do you think that in Russia
> They'd give such a ball?"
> He replied, "Not at all!"
> This courteous young person from Russia.

—Maugre all the pomp and circumstance displayed by Victor Emanuel in occupying the Quirinal as the official residence of the King of Italy, the Pope flaunts the banner of the cross from the Vatican, and, with face to the foe, announces that there he will remain. Pius IX. was elected to his office on the 16th of June, 1846, and has now occupied the throne longer than any pope since the organization of that Church, and four months longer than it was occupied by St. Peter himself. He is still in fair health for so very old a man.

—Senator Chandler, of Michigan, is the largest farmer in that State. His place near Lansing contains about 3000 acres, of which 1400 are fenced in. Besides raising all sorts of crops, he goes extensively into stock-raising, and is eminent for cattle, sheep, horses, and things of that nature.

—Mrs. Smock, now in her ninety-third year, is still living at her home in Guernsey County, Ohio. She is the daughter

> "Of the Green Mountaineer—the Stark of *Bennington.*
> When on that field his band the Hessians fought,
> Briefly he spoke before the fight began:
> 'Soldiers! those German gentlemen are bought
> For four pounds eight and sevenpence per man,
> By England's king; a bargain, as is thought.
> Are we worth more? Let's prove it now we can;
> For we must beat them, boys, ere set of sun,
> Or Mary Stark's a widow.' *It was done.*"

—Mr. Thomas Boese is spoken of as likely to be appointed Clerk of the Superior Court, in place of Mr. James M. Sweeny, whose failing health demands a Southern climate. Mr. Boese was for many years Clerk of the Board of Education, but having become disagreeable to the Ring, was relegated to private life to give place to Mr. Hitchman, the present President of the Board of Fire Commissioners. Mr. Boese will make an efficient and popular officer.

—The Emperor of Japan has, after four years of gradual approach, finally emancipated himself from the fearful formalities that have hitherto hedged the supreme ruler of that country. He now acts like other monarchs; presides at councils, receives foreign ministers, and drives daily about the capital in an American carriage-and-four. Moreover, he tells anecdotes, uses knife and fork, drinks Champagne, and wears our kind of pantaloons.

—Hon. George P. Marsh, United States minister to Italy, has arrived in Rome, and formally established the legation in that city. Heretofore the official residence has been in Florence. Mr. M. is of the opinion that King Victor Emanuel will be able to maintain possession of Rome as the capital of his kingdom. Meanwhile the pope maintains *his* position as Supreme Pontiff, and regards the king as a carpet-bagger.

—It is by many supposed that the late Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, was a fine specimen of the large-minded but not highly cultivated man of the West. On the contrary, he was not only uncommonly familiar with English belles-lettres, but a fine scholar, and well grounded in modern languages. With English poetry, from Chaucer to Tennyson, he was as much at home as a professor. Not far from his family residence was a little brick office or study. It was there he mastered the Spanish language in a marvelously short space of time. He had a real estate case in St. Louis that involved several hundred thousand dollars. Nearly if not all of the old original records, or title-deeds, were written in the Spanish language. He at once saw the great importance of a thorough knowledge of the language as well as facts. He shut himself up for six weeks in his little brick study, as he himself said, and at the end of that time he was able to go into court and translate those Spanish documents, or records, with the best of them, and gained his case.

—Mayors differ. We have never had one in New York, or in any American city, who has gone out of his way to spend a few odd thousands for the entertainment of titled people. With us that style of expenditure generally falls upon opulent merchant, banker, lawyer, and pecunious person who liketh to see his name in newspaper, which we feel moved to say in view of the fact that a large English estate is about to be distributed in consequence of the death of Sir Francis Moon, an ex-Lord Mayor of London. The deceased baronet, a print-seller, was the architect of two fortunes—the first by sagacity and thrift as a tradesman. After the burning of the Royal Exchange, and when it became desirable to lay out a more spacious site for the present building, the deceased gentleman obtained the lease of a piece of land immediately east of it. Upon this he erected a block of buildings for offices, which, owing to their eligible situation, at once commanded high rents. These rents have since been periodically advanced, and the block now realizes a net rent of £5000 per annum. The title and the estates go to the son of the deceased baronet, a clergyman of the Church of England. Sir Francis Moon had sufficient self-denial to retire from business when the sale of first-class line engravings became no longer possible. But even here his lucky star prevailed, as he sold the site of his shop in Threadneedle Street to a banking company for five times the money it had cost him. The deceased was made a baronet for the magnificent reception which he gave the Emperor and Empress of the French at the Mansion House, when they visited London in state.

—Mr. Justin M'Carthy, speaking of the brilliant men now engaged on the Paris press, says Gautier is most eccentric, facetious, and original; an esteemed man, an inspired poet, and a tolerable painter; a man who prides himself upon his linguistical abilities, and his talent as a neologist; who is constantly coining new and odd words, regardless of all the rules of etymology. Arsene Houssaye is the most delicately immoral of modern journalists; but as he is very wealthy, he has abandoned his former Bohemian life, publishes his own books, which spread like wildfire, and is chiefly famous in Paris as being possessor of the finest, longest, silkiest white beard known, and also by the splendor and originality of his evening receptions and various entertainments. Poor Dumas was born a feuilleton writer; any chapter of his works not historical might serve for that purpose, and many of his novels, including "The Three Musketeers" and "Count of Monte Christo," were printed in the feuilleton of the *Siècle* before publication in book form, while his sprightly, analytical, satirical articles in the paper he founded some years ago, *Le d'Artagnan*, proved that his real vocation was that of a journalist. Balzac, Eugene Sue, George Sand, and many other great writers, never could concentrate their genius into the narrow limits of a feuilleton; but the leading literati of the day invariably began their reputation by contributing to this little corner of the newspapers in preference to reviews or magazines.

—Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, was in his day and generation rather hard on politicians; but they proved too much for him, as they have for many another great man. What he said in a speech on the Texas treaty is especially applicable to the mere politician of our day, and particularly to the horde of political cormorants who have just been extinguished with the downfall of Tammany. Said Colonel Benton: "And here, Mr. President, history appears in her grand and instructive character as philosophy teaching by example; and let us not be senseless to her warning voice. Superficial readers believe it was the *military* men who destroyed the Roman republic. No such thing. It was the *politicians* who did it! Factious, corrupt, intriguing politicians! destroying public virtue in their mad pursuit of office! destroying their rivals by crime! deceiving and debauching the people for votes! and bringing the elections into contempt by the frauds and violence with which they were conducted."

—Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, is still alive in England, and besides attending to his phonographic business, owns and conducts a large printing establishment, and edits the *Phonetic Journal.* He is a vegetarian, a teetotaler, an anti-tobaccoer, and a Swedenborgian, and in each of these he is continuously "at it."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Secretary Boutwell's report of the public debt for the month of November shows a reduction of $3,462,080. Coin balance, $96,256,554; currency balance, $10,123,589; coin certificates, $24,928,140.

The Forty-second Congress reassembled at noon on the 4th instant. For the first time in eleven years all the States were represented in the House of Representatives.

Ex-Controller Connolly was unable to procure bail to the required amount, and he was accordingly lodged in Ludlow Street jail.

Mr. Tweed has been restrained by an order issued by Judge Brady from disposing of his property. The order also calls upon Mr. Tweed to show cause at a special term of the Supreme Court in Albany why he should not be absolutely enjoined.

The property of the Americus Club has been seized by the sheriff of Fairfield County, Connecticut, for a debt of $7500. It is reported that a bill exists to the amount of $53,000 for furniture supplied to the club.

The Los Angeles (California) Grand Jury found thirty-five indictments against persons engaged in the recent massacre of Chinese residents, and severely censured the municipal authorities for their inefficiency in the matter.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The grave of Gonzalo Castanon, at Havana, was recently desecrated by some young medical students. The outrage occasioned great excitement in that city, and the Volunteers demanded the lives of the culprits. They were tried by court-martial, and eight of them sentenced to be shot, and immediately executed. The popular excitement continued unabated, and several American war vessels have been dispatched to Havana to look after American interests in case of further disturbance.

The disturbances at Havana have been the subject of grave deliberations in the Spanish cabinet. It is reported that more stringent measures will be taken to suppress the insurrection.

The illness of the Prince of Wales continues, and excites the gravest apprehensions.

The Italian Parliament met in Rome November 27. Victor Emanuel, in his speech from the throne, said that the Eternal City would continue to be the seat of the pontificate.

General Rossel and two other leaders of the Commune, Ferre and Bourgeois, were shot at Paris on the 28th ult., in the presence of 3000 troops of the line. Rossel fell dead at the first discharge, but the others writhed on the ground until they were pistoled. They all met their hard fate most courageously. The executions have produced a profound sensation in Paris.

The people of Brussels have compelled the resignation of the obnoxious ministers. Quiet was not, however, restored. On the 30th ult. violent communistic disturbances took place in the streets of that city. The police were unable to quell the riot, and a company of sixty civic guards, when ordered to charge upon the people, reversed their muskets and refused to obey. At last advices mobs held possession of the streets, and the excitement was intense.

Prince Bismarck is again seriously indisposed. He was unable to be present at the late opening of the Prussian Diet.

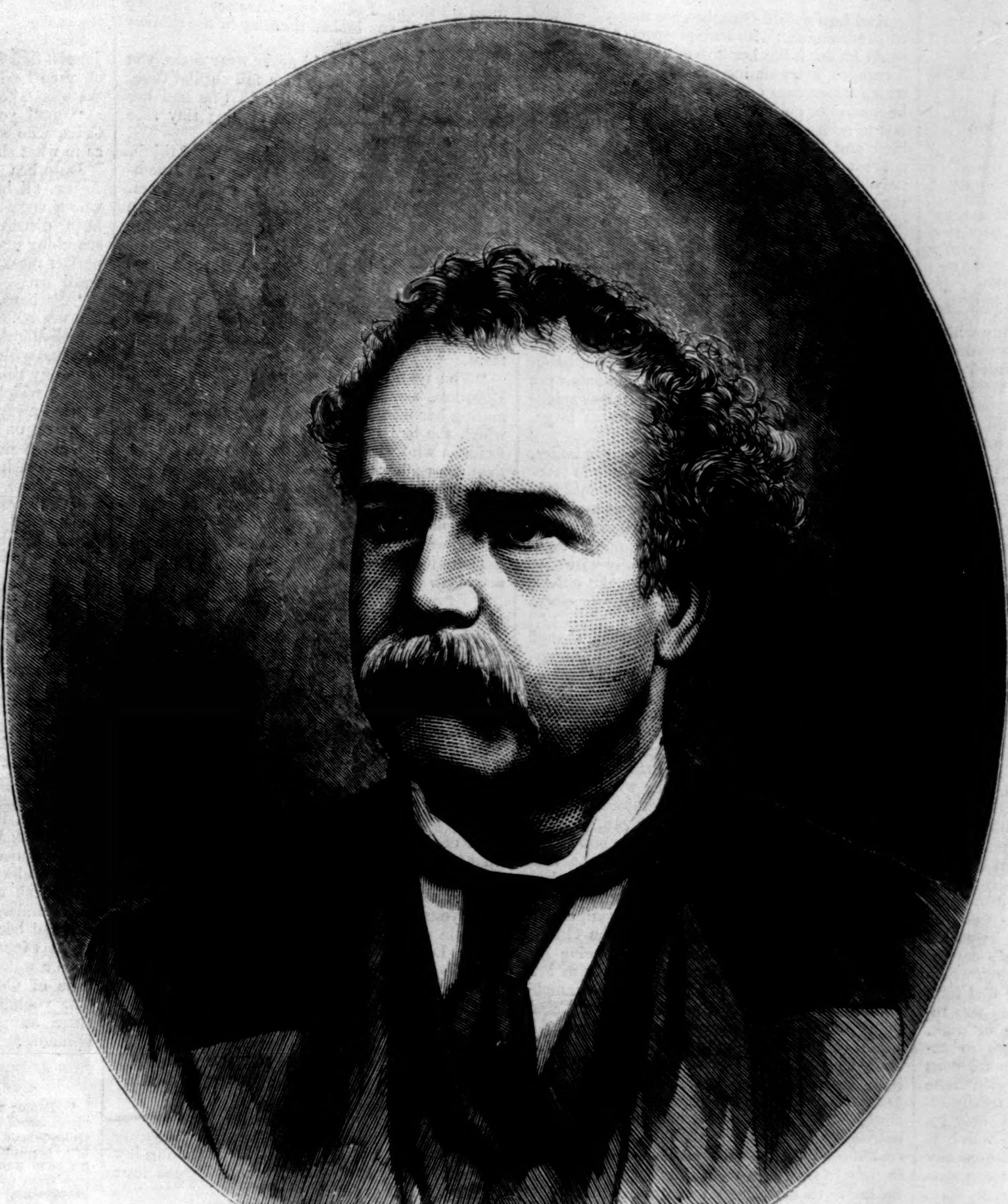
LET THE GOOD WORK (HOUSE-CLEANING) GO ON.

Miss Columbia. "UNCLE SAM, YOU KEEP ON CLEANING THE BALLOT-BOX, WHILE I GIVE THIS A SCRUBBING—GOODNESS KNOWS, IT NEEDS IT!"

G. H. BOKER.

THE appointment of literary men to important political positions forms in this country the exception to the general rule, which is to give such appointments to professed politicians. The rare departures from this practice, as in the case of IRVING, EVERETT, HAWTHORNE, BANCROFT, MOTLEY, HOWELLS, and two or three others, have been more than justified. They completely exploded the foolish notion that because a gentleman has written a book he can do nothing else, and have shown that gentlemen who can write books can do many things besides. They have proved that men of letters can be men of affairs—a fact which nobody has ever doubted except the professed politicians, who want all the good places.

The recent appointment of Mr. GEORGE H. BOKER, of Philadelphia, as our minister to Turkey, is a graceful recognition of this truth. We say graceful advisedly, for Mr. BOKER belongs to a class of writers whom the world is least disposed to consider men of business—the poets. There are poets whose temperaments unfit them to occupy places of national trust, but Mr. BOKER is not of the number. Poetry has probably been to him, as it was to COLERIDGE, "its own exceeding great reward;" but it has not been the business of his life, as it was WORDSWORTH'S and is TENNYSON'S. We sometimes regret this, for we think highly of Mr. BOKER'S poetry. His earliest laurels were gained in a field of letters which has not been cultivated here with much success—the field of the poetic drama. We have enough dramatists of one sort and another, but no dramatic poet except Mr. BOKER. His first play, the tragedy of "Calaynos," published in 1848, his twenty-fifth year, was a fortunate venture for the young writer; for it laid the foundation of his reputation as a poet among his own countrymen, and introduced him to English audiences as an American dramatist. "Calaynos" was produced in London, at the Saddler's Wells Theatre, if our memory serves, that excellent actor PHELPS sustaining the part of the wronged and maddened Moor; and afterward at the provincial theatres, where it had a great success. It was produced in America, of course. Two years later came "Anne Boleyn," which was followed by "The Betrothal," "Leonor de Guzman," and "Francesca da Rimini," all of which were successfully played. Mr. BOKER'S last tragedy, "Königsmarke," has not yet been tested on the stage.



GEORGE H. BOKER, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO TURKEY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.]

The early poetical productions of Mr. BOKER, although they bear the unmistakable stamp of his genius, are interpenetrated by the spirit of the old English dramatists. Not so his later poems, which are thoroughly American in character. They relate, for the most part, to the great civil war through which we have passed, and which weighed so heavily upon us while it lasted. Mr. BOKER'S heart was in the struggle from the beginning. He rejoiced over our victories, he smarted under our defeats; and, like the poet that he is, celebrated both with equal fervor. He was not content to put himself on record by one or two poems, but poured out his patriotism in burning odes and lyrics. It is not impossible that other American poets might have written as much as Mr. BOKER (better they could not), but the fact remains that none did. We question whether any other American poet, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. BRYANT, could have done for the Union what Mr. BOKER did in his civil capacity. A Democrat by conviction up to the breaking out of the rebellion, and a conservative by birth and education, he forgot himself and his antecedents, and enrolled himself among the lovers of his country, "one and indivisible." He attached himself to the Union League of Philadelphia, the mother league, as it is justly called, and, as its secretary, was largely responsible for its action in the politics of the nation. In this, as in other matters, Mr. BOKER showed that a man of letters and a poet can be, if he chooses, a practical man of business.

IN THE RICHMOND MARKETS.

EVERY one who has traveled in the Southern States will perceive the truth of the characteristic sketches by SHEPPARD, which we print on this page. All the figures are studies from life in a region where the picturesque still lingers in the lower walks; and our artist has caught their peculiarities with a descriptive skill and suggestiveness that render explanation impertinent. We feel as if we must have encountered these queer specimens of humanity ourselves in some odd corner of the world, and should know them again if they chanced to come across our path.

MARKET SCENES IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

Book I.

MISS BROOKE.

CHAPTER I.

"Since I can do no good because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is near it."
—*The Maid's Tragedy:* BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

MISS BROOKE had that kind of beauty which seems to be thrown into relief by poor dress. Her hand and wrist were so finely formed that she could wear sleeves not less bare of style than those in which the Blessed Virgin appeared to Italian painters; and her profile as well as her stature and bearing seemed to gain the more dignity from her plain garments, which by the side of provincial fashion gave her the impressiveness of a fine quotation from the Bible—or from one of our elder poets—in a paragraph of to-day's newspaper. She was usually spoken of as being remarkably clever, but with the addition that her sister Celia had more common-sense. Nevertheless Celia wore scarcely more trimmings; and it was only to close observers that her dress differed from her sister's, and had a shade of coquetry in its arrangements; for Miss Brooke's plain dressing was due to mixed conditions, in most of which her sister shared. The pride of being ladies had something to do with it: the Brooke connections, though not exactly aristocratic, were unquestionably "good:" if you inquired backward for a generation or two, you would not find any yard-measuring or parcel-tying forefathers—any thing lower than an admiral or a clergyman; and there was even an ancestor discernible as a Puritan gentleman who served under Cromwell, but afterward conformed, and managed to come out of all political troubles as the proprietor of a respectable family estate. Young women of such birth, living in a quiet country house, and attending a village church hardly larger than a parlor, naturally regarded frippery as the ambition of a huckster's daughter. Then there was well-bred economy, which in those days made show in dress the first item to be deducted from when any margin was required for expenses more distinctive of rank. Such reasons would have been enough to account for plain dress, quite apart from religious feeling; but in Miss Brooke's case religion alone would have determined it; and Celia mildly acquiesced in all her sister's sentiments, only infusing them with that common-sense which is able to accept momentous doctrines without any eccentric agitation. Dorothea knew many passages of Pascal's "Pensées" and of Jeremy Taylor by heart; and to her the destinies of mankind, seen by the light of Christianity, made the solicitudes of feminine fashion appear an occupation for Bedlam. She could not reconcile the anxieties of a spiritual life, involving eternal consequences, with a keen interest in gimp and artificial protrusions of drapery. Her mind was theoretic, and yearned by its nature after some lofty conception of the world which might frankly include the parish of Tipton and her own rule of conduct there; she was enamored of intensity and greatness, and rash in embracing whatever seemed to her to have those aspects; likely to seek martyrdom, to make retractations, and then to incur martyrdom after all in a quarter where she had not sought it. Certainly such elements in the character of a marriageable girl tended to interfere with her lot, and hinder it from being decided according to custom, by good looks, vanity, and merely canine affection. With all this, she, the elder of the sisters, was not yet twenty, and they had both been educated, since they were about twelve years old and had lost their parents, on plans at once narrow and promiscuous, first in an English family, and afterward in a Swiss family at Lausanne, their bachelor uncle and guardian trying in this way to remedy the disadvantages of their orphaned condition.

It was hardly a year since they had come to live at Tipton Grange with their uncle, a man nearly sixty, of acquiescent temper, miscellaneous opinions, and uncertain vote. He had traveled in his younger years, and was held in this part of the county to have contracted a too rambling habit of mind. Mr. Brooke's conclusions were as difficult to predict as the weather: it was only safe to say that he would act with benevolent intentions, and that he would spend as little money as possible in carrying them out. For the most glutinously indefinite minds inclose some hard grains of habit; and a man has been seen lax about all his own interests except the retention of his snuff-box, concerning which he was watchful, suspicious, and greedy of clutch.

In Mr. Brooke the hereditary strain of Puritan energy was clearly in abeyance; but in his niece Dorothea it glowed alike through faults and virtues, turning sometimes into impatience of her uncle's talk or his way of "letting things be" on his estate, and making her long all the more for the time when she would be of age, and have some command of money for generous schemes. She was regarded as an heiress; for not only had the sisters seven hundred a year each from their parents, but if Dorothea married and had a son, that son would inherit Mr. Brooke's estate, presumably worth about three thousand a year—a rental which seemed wealth to provincial families still discussing Mr. Peel's late conduct on the Catholic Question, innocent of future gold fields, and of that gorgeous plutocracy which has so nobly exalted the necessities of genteel life.

And how should Dorothea not marry?—a girl so handsome and with such prospects? Nothing could hinder it but her love of extremes, and her insistance on regulating life according to notions which might cause a wary man to hesitate before he made her an offer, or even might lead her at last to refuse all offers. A young lady of some birth and fortune, who knelt suddenly down on a brick floor by the side of a sick laborer and prayed fervidly, as if she thought herself living in the time of the apostles—who had strange whims of fasting like a Papist, and of sitting up at night to read old theological books! Such a wife might awaken you some fine morning with a new scheme for the application of her income which would interfere with political economy and the keeping of saddle-horses: a man would naturally think twice before he risked himself in such fellowship. Women were expected to have weak opinions; but the great safeguard of society and of domestic life was, that opinions were not acted on. Sane people did what their neighbors did, so that if any lunatics were at large, one might know and avoid them.

The rural opinion about the new young ladies, even among the cottagers, was generally in favor of Celia, as being so amiable and innocent-looking, while Miss Brooke's large eyes seemed, like her religion, too unusual and striking. Poor Dorothea! compared with her, the innocent-looking Celia was knowing and worldly-wise; so much subtler is a human mind than the outside tissues which make a sort of blazonry or clock-face for it.

Yet those who approached Dorothea, though prejudiced against her by this alarming hearsay, found that she had a charm unaccountably reconcilable with it. Most men thought her bewitching when she was on horseback. She loved the fresh air and the various aspects of the country, and when her eyes and cheeks glowed with mingled pleasures she looked very little like a devotee. Riding was an indulgence which she allowed herself in spite of conscientious qualms; she felt that she enjoyed it in a pagan, sensuous way, and always looked forward to renouncing it.

She was open, ardent, and not in the least self-admiring; indeed, it was pretty to see how her imagination adorned her sister Celia with attractions altogether superior to her own, and if any gentleman appeared to come to the Grange from some other motive than that of seeing Mr. Brooke, she concluded that he must be in love with Celia: Sir James Chettam, for example, whom she constantly considered from Celia's point of view, inwardly debating whether it would be good for Celia to accept him. That he should be regarded as a suitor to herself would have seemed to her a ridiculous irrelevance. Dorothea, with all her eagerness to know the truths of life, retained very child-like ideas about marriage. She felt sure that she would have accepted the judicious Hooker, if she had been born in time to save him from that wretched mistake he made in matrimony; or John Milton, when his blindness had come on; or any of the other great men whose odd habits it would have been glorious piety to endure; but an amiable, handsome baronet, who said "Exactly" to her remarks even when she expressed uncertainty—how could he affect her as a lover? The really delightful marriage must be that where your husband was a sort of father, and could teach you even Hebrew, if you wished it.

These peculiarities of Dorothea's character caused Mr. Brooke to be all the more blamed in neighboring families for not securing some middle-aged lady as guide and companion to his nieces. But he himself dreaded so much the sort of superior woman likely to be available for such a position that he allowed himself to be dissuaded by Dorothea's objections, and was in this case brave enough to defy the world—that is to say, Mrs. Cadwallader, the rector's wife, and the small group of gentry with whom he visited in the northeast corner of Loamshire. So Miss Brooke presided in her uncle's household, and did not at all dislike her new authority, with the homage that belonged to it.

Sir James Chettam was going to dine at the Grange to-day, with another gentleman whom the girls had never seen, and about whom Dorothea felt some venerating expectation. This was the Reverend Edward Casaubon, noted in the county as a man of profound learning, understood for many years to be engaged on a great work concerning religious history; also as a man of wealth enough to give lustre to his piety, and having views of his own, which were to be more clearly ascertained on the publication of his book. His very name carried an impressiveness hardly to be measured without a precise chronology of scholarship.

Early in the day Dorothea had returned from the infant school which she had set going in the village, and was taking her usual place in the pretty sitting-room which divided the bedrooms of the sisters, bent on finishing a plan for some buildings (a kind of work which she delighted in), when Celia, who had been watching her with a hesitating desire to propose something, said:

"Dorothea dear, if you don't mind—if you are not very busy—suppose we looked at mamma's jewels to-day, and divided them? It is exactly six months to-day since uncle gave them to you, and you have not looked at them yet."

Celia's face had the shadow of a pouting expression in it, the full presence of the pout being kept back by a habitual awe of Dorothea and principle—two associated facts which might show a mysterious electricity if you touched them incautiously. To her relief, Dorothea's eyes were full of laughter as she looked up.

"What a wonderful little almanac you are, Celia! Is it six calendar or six lunar months?"

"It is the last day of September now, and it was the first of April when uncle gave them to you. You know, he said that he had forgotten them till then. I believe you have never thought of them since you locked them up in the cabinet here."

"Well, dear, we should never wear them, you know." Dorothea spoke in a full cordial tone, half caressing, half explanatory. She had her pencil in her hand, and was making tiny side plans on a margin.

Celia colored and looked very grave. "I think, dear, we are wanting in respect to mamma's memory to put them by and take no notice of them. And," she added, after hesitating a little, with a rising sob of mortification, "necklaces are quite usual now; and Madame Poinçon, who was stricter in some things even than you are, used to wear ornaments. And Christians generally—surely there are women in heaven now who wore jewels." Celia was conscious of some mental strength when she really applied herself to argument.

"You would like to wear them?" exclaimed Dorothea, an air of astonished discovery animating her whole person with a dramatic action which she had caught from that very Madame Poinçon who wore the ornaments. "Of course, then, let us have them out. Why did you not tell me before? But the keys, the keys!" She pressed her hands against the sides of her head, and seemed to despair of her memory.

"They are here," said Celia, with whom this explanation had been long meditated and prearranged.

"Pray open the large drawer of the cabinet, and get out the jewel-box."

The casket was soon open before them, and the various jewels spread out, making a bright parterre on the table. It was no great collection, but a few of the ornaments were really of remarkable beauty, the finest that was obvious at first being a necklace of purple amethysts set in exquisite gold-work, and a pearl cross with five brilliants in it. Dorothea immediately took up the necklace and fastened it round her sister's neck, where it fitted almost as closely as a bracelet; but the circle suited the Henrietta-Maria style of Celia's head and neck, and she could see that it did, in the pier-glass opposite.

"There, Celia! you can wear that with your Indian muslin. But this cross you must wear with your dark dresses."

Celia was trying not to smile with pleasure. "Oh, Dodo, you must keep the cross yourself."

"No, no, dear, no," said Dorothea, putting up her hand with careless deprecation.

"Yes, indeed you must; it would suit you—in your black dress, now," said Celia, insistingly. "You *might* wear that."

"Not for the world, not for the world. A cross is the last thing I would wear as a trinket." Dorothea shuddered slightly.

"Then you will think it wicked in me to wear it," said Celia, uneasily.

"No, dear, no," said Dorothea, stroking her sister's cheek. "Souls have complexions too: what will suit one will not suit another."

"But you might like to keep it for mamma's sake."

"No; I have other things of mamma's—her sandal-wood box, which I am so fond of—plenty of things. In fact, they are all yours, dear. We need discuss them no longer. There—take away your property."

Celia felt a little hurt. There was a strong assumption of superiority in this Puritanic toleration, hardly less trying to the blonde flesh of an unenthusiastic sister than a Puritanic persecution.

"But how can I wear ornaments, if you, who are the elder sister, will never wear them?"

"Nay, Celia, that is too much to ask, that I should wear trinkets to keep you in countenance. If I were to put on such a necklace as that, I should feel as if I had been pirouetting. The world would go round with me, and I should not know how to walk."

Celia had unclasped the necklace, and drawn it off. "It would be a little tight for your neck; something to lie down and hang would suit you better," she said, with some satisfaction. The complete unfitness of the necklace from all points of view for Dorothea made Celia happier in taking it. She was opening some ring-boxes, which disclosed a find emerald with diamonds, and just then the sun, passing beyond a cloud, sent a bright gleam over the table.

"How very beautiful these gems are!" said Dorothea, under a new current of feeling, as sudden as the gleam. "It is strange how deeply colors seem to penetrate one, like scent. I suppose that is the reason why gems are used as spiritual emblems in the Revelation of St. John. They look like fragments of heaven. I think that emerald is more beautiful than any of them."

"And there is a bracelet to match it," said Celia. "We did not notice this at first."

"They are lovely," said Dorothea, slipping the ring and bracelet on her finely turned finger and wrist, and holding them toward the window on a level with her eyes. All the while her thought was trying to justify her delight in the colors by merging them in her mystic religious joy.

"You *would* like those, Dorothea," said Celia, rather falteringly, beginning to think with wonder that her sister showed some weakness, and also that emeralds would suit her own complexion better than purple amethysts. "You must keep that ring and bracelet—if nothing else. But see, these agates are very pretty—and quiet."

"Yes! I will keep these—this ring and bracelet," said Dorothea. Then, letting her hand fall on the table, she said, in another tone, "Yet what miserable men find such things, and work at them, and sell them!" She paused again, and Celia thought that her sister was going to renounce the ornaments, as in consistency she ought to do.

"Yes, dear, I will keep these," said Dorothea, decidedly. "But take all the rest away, and the casket."

She took up her pencil, without removing the jewels, and still looking at them. She thought of often having them by her, to feed her eye at these little fountains of pure color.

"Shall you wear them in company?" said Celia, who was watching her with real curiosity as to what she would do.

Dorothea glanced quickly at her sister. Across all her imaginative adornment of those whom she loved there darted now and then a keen discernment, which was not without a scorching quality. If Miss Brooke ever attained perfect meekness, it would not be for lack of inward fire.

"Perhaps," she said, rather haughtily. "I can not tell to what level I may sink."

Celia blushed, and was unhappy: she saw that she had offended her sister, and dared not say even any thing pretty about the gift of the ornaments, which she put back into the box and carried away. Dorothea, too, was unhappy, as she went on with her plan-drawing, questioning the purity of her own feeling and speech in the scene which had ended with that little explosion.

Celia's consciousness told her that she had not been at all in the wrong: it was quite natural and justifiable that she should have asked that question, and she repeated to herself that Dorothea was inconsistent: either she should have taken her full share of the jewels, or, after what she had said, she should have renounced them altogether.

"I am sure—at least I trust," thought Celia, "that the wearing of a necklace will not interfere with my prayers. And I do not see that I should be bound by Dorothea's opinions, now we are going into society, though, of course, she herself ought to be bound by them. But Dorothea is not always consistent."

Thus Celia, mutely bending over her tapestry, until she heard her sister calling her.

"Here, Kitty, come and look at my plan; I shall think I am a great architect, if I have not got incompatible stairs and fire-places."

As Celia bent over the paper, Dorothea put her cheek against her sister's arm caressingly. Celia understood the action. Dorothea saw that she had been in the wrong, and Celia pardoned her. Since they could remember, there had been a mixture of criticism and awe in the attitude of Celia's mind toward her elder sister. The younger had always worn a yoke; but is there any yoked creature without its private opinions?

CHAPTER II.

"'Dime; no ves aquel caballero que hácia nosotros viene sobre un caballo rucio rodado que trae puesto en la cabeza un yelmo de oro?' 'Lo que veo y columbro,' respondiò Sancho, 'no es sino un hombre sobre un asno pardo como el mio, que trae sobre la cabeza una cosa que relumbra.' 'Pues ese es el yelmo de Mambrino,' dijo Don Quijote."—CERVANTES.

"'Seest thou not yon cavalier who cometh toward us on a dapple-gray steed, and weareth a golden helmet?' 'What I see,' answered Sancho, 'is nothing but a man on a gray ass like my own, who carries something shiny on his head.' 'Just so,' answers Don Quixote: 'and that resplendent object is the helmet of Mambrino.'"

"SIR HUMPHREY DAVY?" said Mr. Brooke, over the soup, in his easy, smiling way, taking up Sir James Chettam's remark that he was studying Davy's "Agricultural Chemistry." "Well, now, Sir Humphrey Davy: I dined with him years ago at Cartwright's, and Wordsworth was there too—the poet Wordsworth, you know. Now there was something singular. I was at Cambridge when Wordsworth was there, and I never met him—and I dined with him twenty years afterward at Cartwright's. There's an oddity in things, now. But Davy was there: he was a poet too. Or, as I may say, Wordsworth was poet one, and Davy was poet two. That was true in every sense, you know."

Dorothea felt a little more uneasy than usual. In the beginning of dinner, the party being small and the room still, these motes from the mass of a magistrate's mind fell too noticeably. She wondered how a man like Mr. Casaubon would support such triviality. His manners, she thought, were very dignified; the set of his iron-gray hair and his deep eye-sockets made him resemble the portrait of Locke. He had the spare form and the pale complexion which became a student; as different as possible from the blooming Englishman of the red-whiskered type represented by Sir James Chettam.

"I am reading the 'Agricultural Chemistry,'" said this excellent baronet, "because I am going to take one of the farms into my own hands, and see if something can not be done in setting a good pattern of farming among my tenants. Do you approve of that, Miss Brooke?"

"A great mistake, Chettam," interposed Mr. Brooke, "going into electrifying your land and that kind of thing, and making a parlor of your cow-house. It won't do. I went into science a great deal myself at one time; but I saw it would not do. It leads to every thing; you can let nothing alone. No, no—see that your tenants don't sell their straw, and that kind of thing; and give them draining-tiles, you know. But your fancy-farming will not do—the most expensive sort of whistle you can buy: you may as well keep a pack of hounds."

"Surely," said Dorothea, "it is better to spend money in finding out how men can make the most of the land which supports them all than in keeping dogs and horses only to gallop over it. It is not a sin to make yourself poor in performing experiments for the good of all."

She spoke with more energy than is expected of so young a lady, but Sir James had appealed to her. He was accustomed to do so, and she had often thought that she could urge him to many good actions when he was her brother-in-law.

Mr. Casaubon turned his eyes very markedly on Dorothea while she was speaking, and seemed to observe her newly.

"Young ladies don't understand political economy, you know," said Mr. Brooke, smiling toward Mr. Casaubon. "I remember when we were all reading Adam Smith. *There* is a book, now. I took in all the new ideas at one time—human perfectibility, now. But some say history moves in circles, and that may be very well argued; I have argued it myself. The fact is, human reason may carry you a little too far—over the hedge, in fact. It carried me a good way at one time; but I saw it would not do. I pulled up; I pulled up in time. But not too hard. I have always been in favor of a little theory: we must have Thought; else we shall be landed back in the dark ages. But talking of books, there is Southey's 'Peninsular War.' I am reading that of a morning. You know Southey?"

"No," said Mr. Casaubon, not keeping pace with Mr. Brooke's impetuous reason, and thinking of the book only. "I have little leisure for such literature just now. I have been using up my eye-sight on old characters lately: the fact is, I want a reader for my evenings; but I am fastidious in voices, and I can not endure listening to an imperfect reader. It is a misfortune, in some senses: I feed too much on the inward sources; I live too much with the dead. My mind is something like the ghost of an ancient, wandering about the world, and trying mentally to construct it as it used to be, in spite of ruin and confusing changes. But I find it necessary to use the utmost caution about my eye-sight."

This was the first time that Mr. Casaubon had spoken at any length. He delivered himself with precision, as if he had been called upon to make a public statement; and the balanced, sing-song neatness of his speech, occasionally corresponded to by a movement of his head, was the more conspicuous from its contrast with good Mr. Brooke's scrappy slovenliness. Dorothea said to herself that Mr. Casaubon was the most interesting man she had ever seen, not excepting even Monsieur Liret, the Vaudois clergyman who had given conferences on the history of the Waldenses. To reconstruct a past world, doubtless with a view to the highest purposes of truth—what a work to be in any way present at, to assist in, though only as a lamp-holder! This elevating thought lifted her above her annoyance at being twitted with her ignorance of political economy, that never-explained science which was thrust as an extinguisher over all her lights.

"But you are fond of riding, Miss Brooke," Sir James presently took an opportunity of saying. "I should have thought you would enter a little into the pleasures of hunting. I wish you would let me send over a chestnut horse for you to try. It has been trained for a lady. I saw you on Saturday cantering over the hill on a nag not worthy of you. My groom shall bring Corydon for you every day, if you will only mention the time."

"Thank you, you are very good. I mean to give up riding. I shall not ride any more," said Dorothea, urged to this brusque resolution by a little annoyance that Sir James would be soliciting her attention when she wanted to give it all to Mr. Casaubon.

"No; that is too hard," said Sir James, in a tone of reproach that showed strong interest. "Your sister is given to self-mortification, is she not?" he continued, turning to Celia, who sat at his right hand.

"I think she is," said Celia, feeling afraid lest she should say something that would not please her sister, and blushing as prettily as possible above her necklace. "She likes giving up."

"If that were true, Celia, my giving up would be self-indulgence, not self-mortification. But there may be good reasons for choosing not to do what is very agreeable," said Dorothea.

Mr. Brooke was speaking at the same time, but it was evident that Mr. Casaubon was observing Dorothea, and she was aware of it.

"Exactly," said Sir James. "You give up from some high, generous motive."

"No indeed, not exactly. I did not say that of myself," answered Dorothea, reddening. Unlike Celia, she rarely blushed, and only from high delight or anger. At this moment she felt angry with the perverse Sir James. Why did he not pay attention to Celia, and leave her to listen to Mr. Casaubon?—if that learned man would only talk, instead of allowing himself to be talked to by Mr. Brooke, who was just then informing him that the Reformation either meant something or it did not, that he himself was a Protestant to the core, but that Catholicism was a fact; and as to refusing an acre of your ground for a Romanist chapel, all men needed the bridle of religion, which, properly speaking, was the dread of a hereafter.

"I made a great study of theology at one time," said Mr. Brooke, as if to explain the insight just manifested. "I know something of all schools. I knew Wilberforce in his best days. Do you know Wilberforce?"

Mr. Casaubon said "No."

"Well, Wilberforce was perhaps not enough of a thinker; but if I went into Parliament, as I have been asked to do, I should sit on the independent bench, as Wilberforce did, and work at philanthropy."

Mr. Casaubon bowed, and observed that it was a wide field.

"Yes," said Mr. Brooke, with an easy smile, "but I have documents. I began a long while ago to collect documents. They want arranging, but when a question has struck me, I have written to somebody and got an answer. I have documents at my back. But now, how do you arrange your documents?"

"In pigeon-holes partly," said Mr. Casaubon, with rather a startled air of effort.

"Ah, pigeon-holes will not do. I have tried pigeon-holes, but every thing gets mixed in pigeon-holes: I never know whether a paper is in A or Z."

"I wish you would let me sort your papers for you, uncle," said Dorothea. "I would letter them all, and then make a list of subjects under each letter."

Mr. Casaubon gravely smiled approval, and said to Mr. Brooke, "You have an excellent secretary at hand, you perceive."

"No, no," said Mr. Brooke, shaking his head; "I can not let young ladies meddle with my documents. Young ladies are too flighty."

Dorothea felt hurt. Mr. Casaubon would think that her uncle had some special reason for delivering this opinion, whereas the remark lay in his mind as lightly as the broken wing of an insect among all the other fragments there, and a chance current had sent it alighting on *her*.

When the two girls were in the drawing-room alone, Celia said,

"How very ugly Mr. Casaubon is!"

"Celia! He is one of the most distinguished-looking men I ever saw. He is remarkably like the portrait of Locke. He has the same deep eye-sockets."

"Had Locke those two white moles with hairs on them?"

"Oh, I dare say! when people of a certain sort looked at him," said Dorothea, walking away a little.

"Mr. Casaubon is so sallow."

"All the better. I suppose you admire a man with the complexion of a *cochon de lait*."

"Dodo!" exclaimed Celia, looking after her in surprise. "I never heard you make such a comparison before."

"Why should I make it before the occasion came? It is a good comparison: the match is perfect."

Miss Brooke was clearly forgetting herself, and Celia thought so.

"I wonder you show temper, Dorothea."

"It is so painful in you, Celia, that you will look at human beings as if they were merely animals with a toilet, and never see the great soul in a man's face."

"Has Mr. Casaubon a great soul?" Celia was not without a touch of naïve malice.

"Yes, I believe he has," said Dorothea, with the full voice of decision. "Every thing I see in him corresponds to his pamphlet on Biblical Cosmology."

"He talks very little," said Celia.

"There is no one for him to talk to."

Celia thought privately, "Dorothea quite despises Sir James Chettam; I believe she would not accept him." Celia felt that this was a pity. She had never been deceived as to the object of the baronet's interest. Sometimes, indeed, she had reflected that Dodo would perhaps not make a husband happy who had not her way of looking at things; and stifled in the depths of her heart was the feeling that her sister was too religious for family comfort. Notions and scruples were like spilled needles, making one afraid of treading, or sitting down, or even eating.

When Miss Brooke was at the tea-table, Sir James came to sit down by her, not having felt her mode of answering him at all offensive. Why should he? He thought it probable that Miss Brooke liked him, and manners must be very marked indeed before they cease to be interpreted by preconceptions either confident or distrustful. She was thoroughly charming to him, but of course he theorized a little about his attachment. He was made of excellent human dough, and had the rare merit of knowing that his talents, even if let loose, would not set the smallest stream in the county on fire: hence he liked the prospect of a wife to whom he could say, "What shall we do?" about this or that; who could help her husband out with reasons, and would also have the property qualification for doing so. As to the excessive religiousness alleged against Miss Brooke, he had a very indefinite notion of what it consisted in, and thought that it would die out with marriage. In short, he felt himself to be in love in the right place, and was ready to endure a great deal of predominance, which, after all, a man could always put down when he liked. Sir James had no idea that he should ever like to put down the predominance of this handsome girl, in whose cleverness he delighted. Why not? A man's mind—what there is of it—has always the advantage of being masculine, as the smallest birch-tree is of a higher kind than the most soaring palm, and even his ignorance is of a sounder quality. Sir James might not have originated this estimate; but a kind Providence furnishes the limpest personality with a little gum or starch in the form of tradition.

"Let me hope that you will rescind that resolution about the horse, Miss Brooke," said the persevering admirer. "I assure you, riding is the most healthy of exercises."

"I am aware of it," said Dorothea, coldly. "I think it would do Celia good—if she would take to it."

"But you are such a perfect horsewoman."

"Excuse me; I have had very little practice, and I should be easily thrown."

"Then that is a reason for more practice. Every lady ought to be a perfect horsewoman, that she may accompany her husband."

"You see how widely we differ, Sir James. I have made up my mind that I ought not to be a perfect horsewoman, and so I should never correspond to your pattern of a lady." Dorothea looked straight before her, and spoke with cold brusquerie, very much with the air of a handsome boy, in amusing contrast with the solicitous amiability of her admirer.

"I should like to know your reasons for this cruel resolution. It is not possible that you should think horsemanship wrong."

"It is quite possible that I should think it wrong for me."

"Oh, why?" said Sir James, in a tender tone of remonstrance.

Mr. Casaubon had come up to the table, teacup in hand, and was listening.

"We must not inquire too curiously into motives," he interposed, in his measured way. "Miss Brooke knows that they are apt to become feeble in the utterance: the aroma is mixed with the grosser air. We must keep the germinating grain away from the light."

Dorothea colored with pleasure, and looked up gratefully to the speaker. Here was a man who could understand the higher inward life, and with whom there could be some spiritual communion; nay, who could illuminate principle with the widest knowledge: a man whose learning almost amounted to a proof of whatever he believed!

Dorothea's inferences may seem large; but really life could never have gone on at any period but for this liberal allowance of conclusions, which has facilitated marriage under the difficulties of civilization. Has any one ever pinched into its pilulous smallness the cobweb of prematrimonial acquaintanceship?

"Certainly," said good Sir James. "Miss Brooke shall not be urged to tell reasons she would rather be silent upon. I am sure her reasons would do her honor."

He was not in the least jealous of the interest with which Dorothea had looked up at Mr. Casaubon: it never occurred to him that a girl to whom he was meditating an offer of marriage could care for a dried bookworm toward fifty, except, indeed, in a religious sort of way, as for a clergyman of some distinction.

However, since Miss Brooke had become engaged in a conversation with Mr. Casaubon about the Vaudois clergy, Sir James betook himself to Celia, and talked to her about her sister, spoke of a house in town, and asked whether Miss Brooke disliked London. Away from her sister, Celia talked quite easily, and Sir James said to himself that the second Miss Brooke was certainly very agreeable as well as pretty, though not, as some people pretended, more clever and sensible than the elder sister. He felt that he had chosen the one who was in all respects the superior; and a man naturally likes to look forward to having the best. He would be the very Mawworm of bachelors who pretended not to expect it.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We have already made brief mention of the important announcement received from Messrs. Payer and Weyprecht, dated at Tromsöe, of the discovery of open water between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, in a region before this believed to be occupied entirely by ice; and have now the pleasure of furnishing some additional details received from these gentlemen by letter. Their report is addressed to the Association for Geography and Statistics, at Frankfort, and is dated at Tromsöe on the 19th of October. Postponing a more full account of their general adventures to a later period, they proceed at once to the announcement that in the space between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, which had previously been supposed inaccessible (and which, indeed, the Russian, German, and Swedish expedition in 1868 had attempted to penetrate without success), they entered a region almost entirely free from any obstacles, and in which they reached a latitude of 79 degrees without any apparent impediment to their proceeding almost, if not quite, to the pole. As, however, the *Ice Bear* was merely a sailing vessel, and their provisions were running low, they dared not venture any farther, and accordingly returned.

They anticipate complete success, therefore, should the great expedition which is to be prosecuted next year follow in their course; and they remark that the key to the apparent failure of explorations in this region is to be found in the fact of their starting too early in the summer, and not remaining long enough in the autumn. They think that the Gulf Stream, the current of which is clearly indicated, toward the close of the summer breaks down the barrier of ice, and clears a way into the open polar sea beyond.

The fact of their having been in the path of the Gulf Stream they consider well established by the temperature of the water (exceeding by from three to five degrees C. that of the air), the frequency of clouds, and the abundance of fog and rainbows, the decided current to the northeast, the ultramarine blue of the water, so characteristic of the Gulf Stream, the extraordinary richness in lower animals, etc.

In the beginning of autumn they infer that the Gulf Stream leaves the coast of Nova Zembla and passes further to the west, or that it then expands so as to cover a greater area. Another important result of their examinations was the discovery of an enormous abundance of whales in the open sea—a fact which will, doubtless, induce our American whalers seriously to consider the propriety of endeavoring to secure the reward which is likely to crown the efforts of those who may enter this new Polynia at the proper season.

During the expedition of the *Ice Bear* a continued series of observations was taken upon the temperature, the density of the water at the surface and at various depths, the occurrence of drift-wood, the currents, deep-sea soundings, etc. Many objects of interest were taken from the bottom, and many valuable geological observations made.

Professor Verrill has lately given, in the *Journal of Science*, an account of the researches in marine zoology prosecuted by him during the past summer at Wood's Hole, Massachusetts, in connection with investigations of Professor Baird respecting the food fishes of the coast of the United States; and in this he calls the attention of zoologists to some of the more important features of these examinations, promising a fuller account hereafter. One of these results consisted in ascertaining that, while the shores and shallow waters of the bays and sounds, as far as Cape Cod, are occupied chiefly by southern forms belonging to the Virginian fauna, the deeper channels and central parts of Long Island Sound, as far as Stonington, Connecticut, are inhabited almost exclusively by northern forms, or an extension of the Acadian fauna. Both the temperature observations at the surface and the deep-sea dredgings prove that there must be an offshoot of the arctic current settling into the middle of Vineyard Sound. Quite a number of interesting ascidians, both simple and compound, were met with by Professor Verrill, several of them entirely new to science. Several new sponges were collected, and also a large number of crustaceans and mollusks previously unrecorded in that region. We would refer our readers to Professor Verrill's article in the November number of the *American Journal of Science* for these interesting facts.

Peter D. Knieskern, M.D., born in New York in 1798, died at Shark River, New Jersey, on the 12th of September last. This gentleman was well known to most of our naturalists from his zeal as a local collector of plants, and his readiness to assist his colleagues in supplying them with any objects belonging to his vicinity. From an obituary notice by Professor Gray we learn that he left a valuable collection of the plants of Ocean and Monmouth counties, New Jersey, of great scientific value, and which, it is hoped, will be preserved complete in some of our public museums.

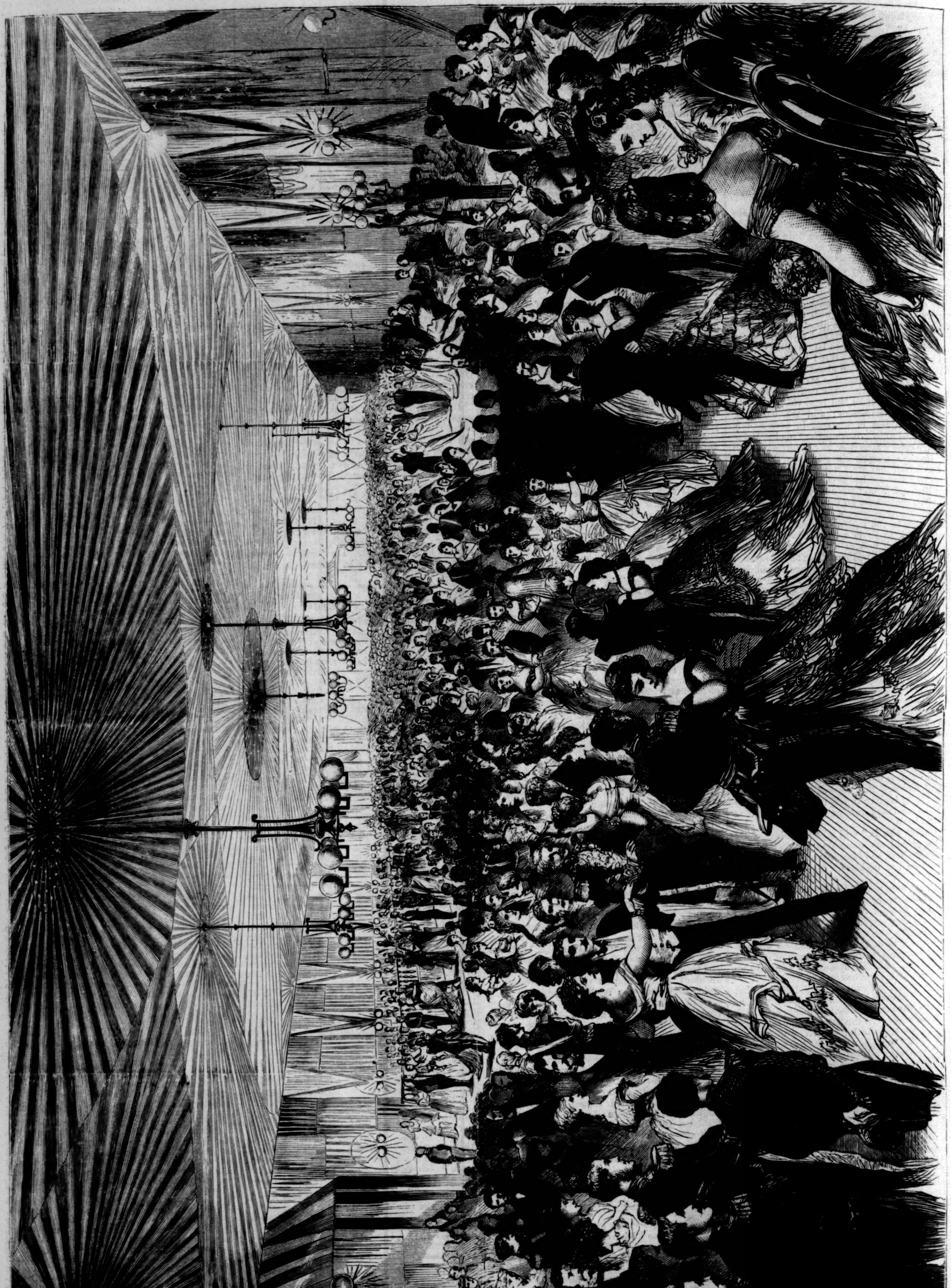
At various times throughout the past summer we have kept our readers advised of the preparation of the great exploring expedition upon which Professor Agassiz has been expecting to engage during the voyage of the Coast Survey steamer *Hassler* from Boston to San Francisco, by way of the Straits of Magellan. The expedition was originally to start as early as July or August; and in that event the exploration in question would have commenced off the coast of the United States. Owing, however, to unexpected delays, the vessel has but recently fitted out and reported at Boston, where she has been detained, undergoing alterations of her machinery. We have already noticed the general plan and objects of the expedition. The scientific corps, as will be remembered, consists of Professor and Mrs. Agassiz, Count Pourtalès, ex-President Hill of Cambridge, Dr. White, Mr. James Blake, and Dr. Steindachner, each gentleman having special charge of a particular department of the work, and interested in its successful accomplishment. The vessel itself is under the command of Captain P. C. Johnson, with Messrs. Kennedy and Day as lieutenants. Owing to the lateness of the season, the original plan of making extended explorations in the West Indies and off the eastern coast of South America has necessarily been modified, and the vessel will probably proceed almost directly to the Falkland Islands and the Straits of Magellan, there to commence the comprehensive investigations proposed, as otherwise a sufficient share of the summer season of the straits could not be secured. The Atlantic Ocean work thus given up will, in all probability, partly at least, be performed by the *A. D. Bache*, a consort of the *Hassler*, next year.

The opportunity offered by the recent visit to Hamburg for repairs of the corvette *El Medschidi*, belonging to the Sultan of Zanzibar, was embraced by the naturalists of that city to secure photographs of the types of humanity represented in the persons of the officers and crew, these embracing a remarkable series of illustrations of the various races from Africa to Southern Arabia. Virchow, Hartmann, and others all commend very highly the accuracy of the photographs, and indorse their ethnological value. There are fifty-four of the pictures prepared and published, with accompanying text, including an account of the race, age, size, color of the hair, eyes, lips, nails, and other physical peculiarities. Among the Arabian tribes there are several which can not be distinguished from the fairest Indo-Germanic, with the exception, of course, of the clothing and customs.

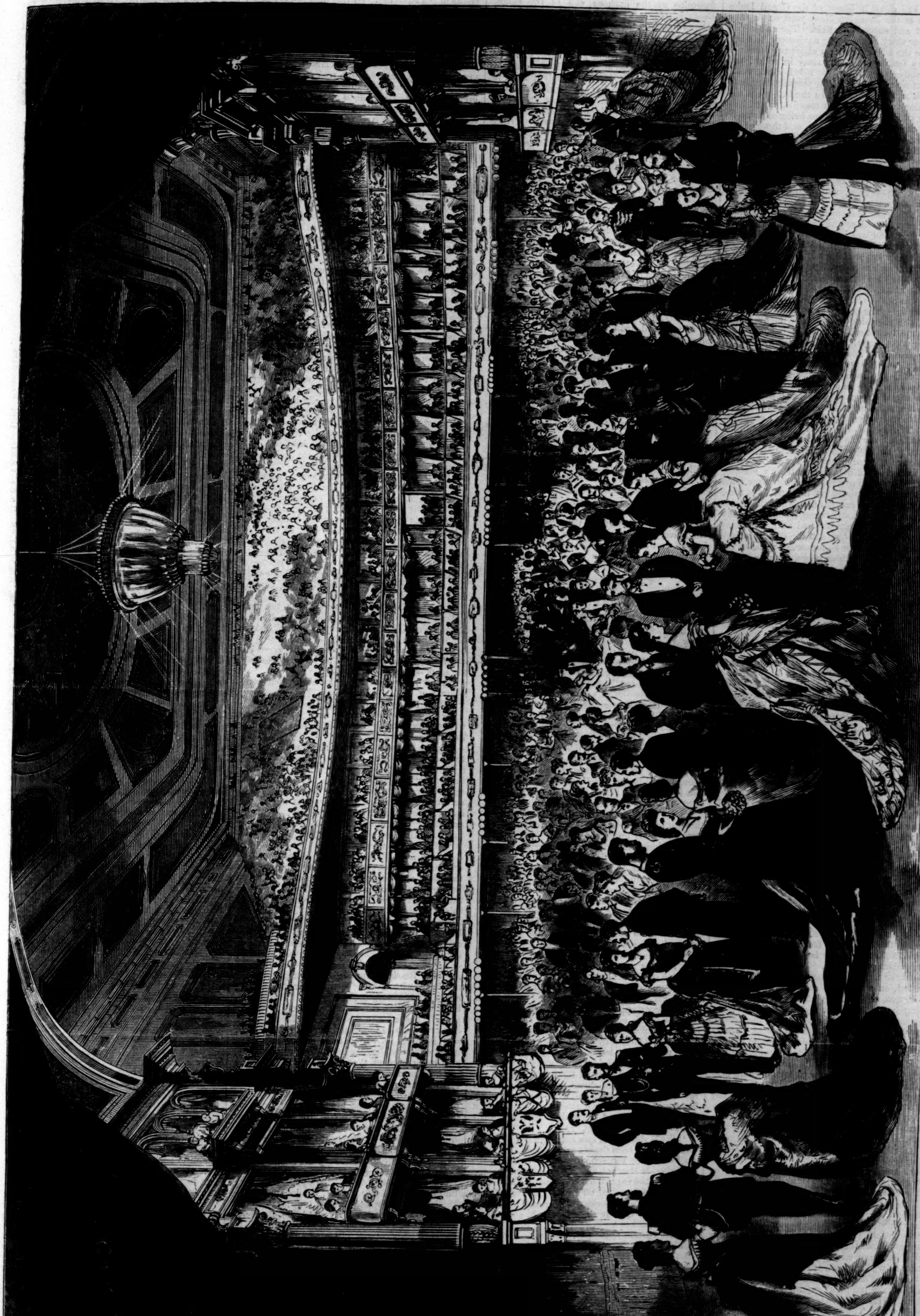
The English government expedition for observing the solar eclipse left Southampton on the 26th of October for Ceylon, with Mr. Lockyer in charge, expecting to reach Point de Galle on the 27th of November. The party hope to meet the Indian observers, and to arrange a definite plan of observations, before the critical time arrives. A new series of instructions for the expedition was prepared by a committee of the British Association, and published in *Nature* on the 26th of October. Every necessary aid has been given to the party by the government, as well as by the steamship companies, and the valuable photographic apparatus of Lord Lindsay has been supplied, with a photographer, by this gentleman. Mr. Respighi was to join the expedition at Suez.

The third and last volume of the "Hand-List of the Genera and Species of Birds," by Mr. George Robert Gray, of the British Museum, has lately been published, completing the work, and constituting a monument of patient and accurate research such as has seldom been presented to the scientific world. It is as nearly a complete list of the known species of birds as could be expected, even from one possessing all the resources of libraries and collections, and it includes also the numerous synonyms. The possession of this list will greatly facilitate the labors of all inquirers into the department of ornithology, and tend to relieve them from an enormous amount of personal labor and research.

The total number of species enumerated by Mr. Gray amounts to 11,162, and, with additions in the appendix, will reach 11,200. The total number of names discussed, however, including those adopted, and those that are considered as synonyms, is over 46,000. The value of the book is rendered complete by an exhaustive index, both of generic and specific names, the two indexes together occupying 645 columns. At the present time no department of zoology possesses so complete an index to its names and authorities as this book, an approximation to it being furnished by Dr. Günther's catalogue of fishes, likewise published by the British Museum. This, although containing a synopsis of the genera and species, is greatly lessened in value by the absence of such an index as that furnished by Mr. Gray, though the promise is held out that, in a supplementary volume to the eight already published, this deficiency will be supplied.



THE NAVAL BALL IN HONOR OF THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS, AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.—[See Page 1178.]



BALL AT THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC IN HONOR OF THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.—[See Page 1178.]

THE NAVAL BALL.

The ball given in honor of the Grand Duke Alexis at the Brooklyn Navy-yard was a very brilliant and successful affair. The sail-loft in the upper story of the large equipment building opposite the admiral's office, about two hundred and fifty feet in length by sixty in width, had been handsomely fitted up as a ball-room, while adjacent rooms were used for promenading, and as cloak and anterooms. In the ball-room the decorations were simple but tasteful, the national flags of Russia and America being alternately draped on one side of the room, and those of various nationalities on the other. The ceiling was decorated with rosettes of the American colors, the blue and stars forming the centre piece, with the stripes radiating outward. Appropriate ornaments, in the way of stars of cutlasses and bayonets, brass guns, and models of vessels, adorned the walls.

The Prince, accompanied by M. and Madame Catacazy, arrived at the yard about half past ten o'clock, and was immediately conducted to the dais in the centre of the main hall, where he received a large number of guests, who were brought up and introduced by the chief officers of the yard. He then made the tour of the room with Mrs. Smith, wife of the admiral; and this ceremonious part of the fête being over, the dancing began. The scene was brilliant in the extreme, the charming toilets of so many of the handsome New York and Brooklyn belles contrasting picturesquely with the evening costumes of the gentlemen and the rich uniforms of the American and Russian officers.

At midnight dancing was suspended, and the guests proceeded to an adjoining room, where an abundant and elegant supper was spread. This ended the festivities of the evening, and the disagreeable task of hunting for hats and coats began. The ladies' toilet-room was admirably managed, but terrible confusion reigned in that assigned to the gentlemen. Five hundred ticketed boxes had been prepared; but as there were more than thirteen hundred gentlemen present, over eight hundred overcoats and hats were piled promiscuously on the floor, ticketed, it is true, but in such a loose manner that when the guests called out their numbers it was found that many of the tickets had been brushed off. The confusion was indescribable, and the delay in many instances too great for endurance. Some of the guests, after waiting three hours, went away hatless and overcoatless. But notwithstanding every mishap, it was agreed that the ball was a great success, and every guest was delighted to have been present.

THE ACADEMY BALL.

The most brilliant and elaborate ball that ever took place in the New York Academy of Music was that given on the 29th ult. in honor of the Grand Duke Alexis. The preparations were on a scale of magnificence worthy of the occasion. The parquet had been floored over, and the stage for some distance back from the proscenium was hung with light-colored silk tapestry. At the further end was a finely executed moonlight garden scene, with a rising terrace, a grove, and a labyrinth of foliage. The hangings on each side were of gray silk, striped with blue and gold, and terminated by a heavy golden fringe. Garlands of flowers hung from the ceiling, the intersections being kept in place by gilt buttons, and shields bearing the Russian and American coats of arms alternately. On the left of the garden scene was an opening through the silk hangings leading to the banqueting-room. The arrangement of these hangings was such as to represent an open tent, access to which was obtained by ascending three terraces in the Louis Quatorze style, one rising above the other. On the last terrace, or platform, was an ornamental balcony, the centre-piece of which was formed of a wide pediment surmounted by a vase of exotics. The curtains at the extreme ends were painted to represent the terraces as fading in the distance. Light was thrown on the landscape by four superb pendant chandeliers.

From the top of the proscenium a curtain was extended, on which was depicted a globe, and two figures, representing Russia and America, joining hands. To the right of Russia were three smaller figures, one representing the Northern or barbaric tribes, another a Cossack Tartar, and the third a modern Russian. Three figures at the right of Russia represented Commerce, Agriculture, and the Mechanical Arts—one rolling a bale of cotton, another striking an anvil, and the third holding a plow. On two large banners pendent from the ceiling were painted, somewhat roughly, it must be confessed, a full-length portrait of Lincoln holding the Emancipation Proclamation, and at his feet a family of liberated slaves. On the other banner was a picture of the Czar Alexander presenting the ukase abolishing serfdom in his dominions to a group of figures kneeling at his feet. The fronts of the proscenium boxes were decorated with garlands.

The Grand Duke arrived about half past ten, and was ushered in by the private entrance on Fourteenth Street—so quietly that few of the guests were aware of his presence until he had been some time seated in his box. For a few minutes he was the object of eager scrutiny, which he appeared to bear with extreme good nature as well as modesty—to learn to be stared at being part of the education of a prince. He then left the box, and appeared upon the floor with Mrs. Hoffman, the wife of the Governor, on his arm. The crowd was so dense that the floor managers were scarcely able to clear a space for the dancers. The Prince appeared to be rather indifferent in the matter, and evidently preferred promenading to dancing; and after the first quadrille, sauntered leisurely about the floor with a lady on his arm, and seemed to watch with great interest the playing of the fountains at the extreme end of the stage. Beautiful effects were produced by the play of colored lights on the jets of water.

The round dancing was greatly impeded by the crowd of promenaders, whom no efforts of the floor committee could keep back, and who followed the Prince around with a childishly persistent curiosity. He was simply dressed in a naval frock-coat with open lapels, with two stars on the breast. A gorgeously uniformed officer of the Hussars of the Imperial Guard attracted almost as much attention as the Prince himself. He wore a scarlet dolman richly embroidered with gold, and a jacket of sheep-skin trimmed with sable fur was hung from his shoulders. He was strikingly handsome, and more than one young lady expressed her opinion that he was a darling.

The banquet took place in Nilsson Hall, which had been brilliantly decorated and lighted for the occasion. At the head of the room a dais was erected for the table devoted to the Grand Duke and the principal guests. In the centre of this table was a magnificent silver épergne loaded with the choicest flowers, camellias, rare-tinted fuchsias, and roses of every variety. Curious plants occupied prominent positions, and the intervals were filled with ornamental confectionery, representing temples of the Czars Alexander and Nicholas, and two Russian vessels composed of nougat and spun sugar. There were also monuments in chocolate of Washington, with flags of Russia and America, and two immense vases, ornamented with the Russian arms, composed of Charlotte-Russe. The *ménu* was printed in gold letters on white satin. During the banquet a superb band played a choice collection of operatic airs from a stand erected in the centre of the hall.

After supper dancing was resumed in the Academy, and, as many of the guests had left, the floor was less crowded than in the early part of the evening. The Prince danced several quadrilles, with various young ladies. He conversed in French, probably out of respect to the supposed accomplishments of his fair partners, although he speaks English with fluency and correctness.

The dancing continued till a very late hour, when every body went home in the best possible humor, and impressed with the conviction that the Academy ball was a social event to be remembered for a lifetime.

THE LULWORTH SMUGGLERS.

"Yo be to keep a sherp look-out at Weymouth, Jack, and soe be as yo get surspicious, I allow yo'd better leave the fish in the gutter, and run hoam like mad, for the schooner's proper sure to be here to-night."

"All right, father; the revenue chaps 'll hev their match in me." Saying which the lad left the cottage.

"Now then, Bessie, gee I a bit o' vittles, and I allow I'll turn in a bit. Jim Bolton be on watch, he be."

"Then yo'd best be on watch too," said Bessie, putting a white plate before her father. "Jim's gotten eyes for none but wemmen. If yo'd sent Garge, now, yo might have gone to bed quick enough. Garge be tarrible set against the girls. But if yo goe and sleep, I'll go up to Dungy and keep a look-out."

Harry Walters thought of this proposal, as he thought of all Bessie did, "a proper thing," and went peaceably up to bed.

At darking the girl ran into the cottage, rousing her father with the news that the schooner was tacking off Arish Mell, and Jim Bolton had gone to prepare the men to be ready at Mewps.

Nothing could have been timed better. The only coast-guard stations then were at Poole and Weymouth. One of those fogs which generally come in the early spring was creeping along the horizon: in an hour the sea would be like a vapor bath; the wind and tide were favorable; the fishermen had been on the look-out for a week; so, as a natural result, the value of the expected cargo had lost nothing. Another source of excitement arose from the fact of the schooner and her crew being strangers, and used to run their cargoes upon the Kent or Sussex coast—counties which completely eclipsed Dorset, both in the magnitude of the trade and the daring and recklessness shown by the famous band of smugglers, who, setting law at defiance, kept up a regular warfare with the revenue officers.

A recent hand-to-hand fight had spurred the government to send down an extra force, and rendered it impossible for the schooner to get her cargo run; so the captain was fain to try a new harbor, where a responsible agent was waiting to receive the goods.

"We'll show them how smart we Dorset chaps can be," had been the common saying. So, half an hour after the schooner came in sight, the rocks beside Mewps were dotted with figures; and so soon as the fog and darkness made it safe, half a dozen men pushed off to pilot the vessel over the line of sunken rocks which crosses the mouth of the bay. Quietly she slipped on, and following close on her heel came the fog, drawing like a white curtain round her.

She was a smart little schooner, drawing wonderfully little water. So, the sea being like glass, only throbbing with a groundswell, she was towed up within a few hundred yards of the shore, and then the work began in real earnest.

"We've only but two hours safe to do it in," said the leading man: "when the tide turns the breeze 'll get up and carry off the fog; so push on, lads, and show what Dorset chaps can do." In a couple of hours nearly half the cargo was safe, each man working like two—the tea and tobacco stowed away in a snug cave, long used as a hiding-place; the kegs of spirits sent off to neighboring cellars, some of which were in the vaults of the churches. By this time the fog had covered the downs, and lay there as if resting. Suddenly through the mist and silence came the shriek of a sea-gull, then another, and another.

Every man stopped working; every face turned in the direction of the signal, for such it was. Then down through the white cloud came a figure scrambling, jumping from rock to rock—and Bessie Walters, her face flushed, her hair loose, breathless and panting, stood by the men.

"Harry's gotten back fro' Weymouth," she said. "The revenue chaps ha' gotten word; the cutter's comin', and the soldiers too; and some on our own folk have blown the cave."

Her father pushed through the group.

"How far be they off?"

"Somewhere about two mile, I allow. Harry he run hisself most stupid."

"Then it's all up," said the captain. "So much for your d—d Dorsetshire. I ain't going to lose my ship, though. Which of you fellows will come on board and take us out?" No one answered. He looked round the men's faces, out of which the excitement had suddenly died, leaving a stolid, unmeaning look.

"I'll give five pounds to the man who'll take us out. I'll give ten pounds. Twenty I'll give. Thirty—forty—fifty—fifty pounds to the fellow who'll run us out of this cursed place. By G—! I believe you're all in the game, and brought us to sell us. I'll cheat you yet. If I can't do better, I'll burn the craft, rather than let a stick of her fall into such d—d wreckers' hands. Here, Charley, pull off." As he spoke, a rocket whizzed up in the offing, and the cutter was within a couple of miles, coming with the predicted breeze. A breathless pause, a muttered oath or two, as from the crest of cliff immediately above them rose the answering signal: the men knew they were trapped, their only remaining chance being to get round by Arish Mell, and so, striking inland, elude the soldiers; or, if the worst came to the worst, cut their way through, and trust to night and luck. Scarcely had the second rocket died out than a moaning sob came across the sea—the first tokens of the freshening breeze: in half an hour the curtain of mist would be rolled away, and—the schooner at the mercy of the revenue-cutter.

"It be bad, like, to let the craft be taken," said a man who had been watching the captain's boat. "I've a mind to go off with her—fifty pound's a tarrible lot of money." He looked hard at Bessie, and Bessie's cheeks grew redder, as she said, "Soe be as yo'll goe, Garge, I'll row you off."

There was no further words spoken; the man walked down to the boat, followed by Bessie. "Supposin' I get the money, Bessie?" asked George, as he looked round.

Bessie bade him hold his tongue till he got it; and nodded him good-night as he scrambled up the schooner's side.

But as she rowed back alone her face grew white and sad. "Poor Garge!" she thought; "I allow I'd be main happy if I took him—"

Her father was the only man left. A few words sufficed to send him off, Bessie remaining to watch proceedings.

George Harvel's presence and knowledge of the coast gave new spirit to the crew of the schooner. A boat was lowered to tow her out, her sails spread, and with a sort of leap she got under way. Too late. Like a hawk swooping on her prey came the cutter right across her bows. There was very little parley. Sullenly and desperately the smuggler held on her way. Suddenly the trumpet rang out,

"Haul to, or we shall fire."

"Fire away!" shouted the captain of the schooner. A spurt of fire sprang from the cutter's side, and a round shot crashed through the smuggler's jib, cutting half a dozen ropes in two. Still she held on. Swish came another shot, this time hitting the mainmast, and sending out a shower of splinters. They were within two hundred yards of each other now—the cutter coming on, evidently with the intention of boarding. Bessie held her breath—she was thinking of George Harvel. The crafts were close together. Bessie started up, and flung her arms overhead, with a cry of dismay, for the revenue men were boarding the smugglers. The air was filled with firing, curses, and shouts. A sudden thought flashed into the girl's bewildered brain. She ran down to the shore, pushed off her boat, and jumping in, rowed to the scene of action, never doubting she would see George somehow, and bring him off the ship. The sailors were too busy to notice the boat glide up. so Bessie lay to under the lee of the schooner, watching, with clinched teeth, two men, struggling for life or death, come to the bulwarks just over the boat; she could hear their panting breath, then the pistol-shot; and a body was hurled over the side; clutching desperately at the slippery wood, grasping at the last moment a loose rope, he swung down, almost touching the girl.

George Harvel—every thing—was forgotten. Here was a wounded, perhaps dying, man flung into her bosom. By the first passionate impulse her arms closed round him, and a wild thrill and throb rushed through heart and brain, depriving her of all power; and as the nerveless hand let go the rope, man and girl sank into the bottom of the boat. Bessie's loss of power was only momentary; with a rush, sense and thought came surging back. Struggling from under what she now supposed to be a dead body, she got on to her knees, and turning his face up, saw he was alive. Meantime the boat had been drifting; they were several yards to the westward of the ships, a distance which grew greater while, with both her hands forming a cup, she poured water over the man's head and face, and tearing off her apron, made a plug to stop the bleeding of the gun-shot wound.

At first she was too busy to notice his face; but when the bandage was tied she looked at it, and saw his lips moving, though his voice was too faint to sound over the noise of fight and roar of breaking waves. Her ear almost touched his lips before she caught the words.

"Hide me, hide me, and let me die in peace!"

For a minute Bessie sat staring at the black rocks and thinking, then a light crossed her eyes: she said to herself, "We may's well risk it; maybe there's no boats about, and he's a handsome young chap to be hanged. Garge maun look after himself, I allow."

Straightening herself, she got hold of the oars, and, pulling lustily, was soon past the big black rock that stands sentry over Mewps Bay. Beyond this she was comparatively safe, the next danger being that the revenue men might have left a boat watching the entrance to Lulworth Cove. Keeping out to sea, Bessie pulled on. There was no sign of a boat, though lights on shore warned her that the men were there. Now all was fair and clear; the tide was with her. Excitement lent extra strength to her arms. Shooting through the Durele Archway, she ran the boat on to the beach just in the quiet little nook behind the "Door," where the projecting rocks make a perfect haven, dragging the boat up as far as she could.

The man was moaning now, and as she couldn't lift him out, the only alternative was to make him shift for himself.

"Yo'll hev to land, young man. I allow it's difficult; but yo maun do it. There's a cave here yo can lie in till the cutter's men and soldiers are out o' the way."

He looked perplexed; then proposed she should row him back to Lulworth.

"Do you waant to be hanged, young man? it 'll be easier nor hiding of you up here—a-fetching vittles, a-nussen of yo, and puttin' up of yo' perverseness." The thud of a big gun came booming over the sea. Bessie drew a long breath, and gazed rather angrily at the man she had saved.

"Well," she said, "happen yo'll land now." For answer he got up, and scrambled, with many groans, out of the boat, dropping upon the shingle.

"You're a good lass, and if you're as pretty as your voice is sweet, I'll have the best of hiding away here."

"We'll see about that, my man. Yo're all tarred with the same stick. The moor a womman does for a man, the moor she'll hev to do. The verst sarcy word yo says to I, my fayther he cooms to nus yo. So yo best keep a civil tongue."

After which piece of counsel Bessie took the upper hand, treating him just like a refractory child; and he, being really badly hurt, was too ill to assert his own opinion. Indeed, for the week that passed while the wound was healing he was more frequently delirious than sane, and passed his waking hours raving about fighting and dying and angels, which last Bessie, woman-like, appropriated to herself.

The natural result of this nursing was that Bessie lost her heart—pity is, we know, near akin to love; and so it was. When the affair of the fight and the capture of the schooner and cargo had partially died away, one night Bessie brought her patient to her father's cottage. The neighbors, of course, knew pretty well who the lodger was; and it is difficult to keep a score of tongues quiet, however anxious the owners are to hide a secret. So it was that by some means or other the revenue officer left to keep a look-out at Lulworth began to get some inkling of the truth; and one day, meeting Bessie, questioned her rather closely as to her friend. Bessie was too sharp to tell any thing; and the name he went by ("Kit Roberts") could give no clew to his antecedents. That night, however, the officer came across Kit himself, and began chaffing him about Bessie. Boasting a little wildly of his knowledge on domestic matters, there was a row. The officer threatened—Kit retaliated. Then some of the older men stepped in, and separated them before blows had actually been struck. Harry Walters, however, came in in time to hear his daughter's name bandied about; and, it being Christmas-eve, the old man was not perfectly sober. So he gave the officer a bit of his mind, and, warming with the subject, ended by threatening to pitch him over the cliff if he ever said a word against Bessie again. Then Kit, who had been standing by, got the old man away, and for a few hours the matter was at rest.

Next morning Bessie started for East Lulworth, to attend high mass. The first portion of the service was over; the girl was kneeling, when a sudden faintness and confusion, followed by an indescribable thrill of horror and fear, came over her. For a few minutes she knelt on, trying to master it; then, fearing some dreadful illness was upon her, she rose and left the chapel, sitting down under one of the great trees in the beautiful park in which the chapel stands; but here the same impulse to move seemed to oblige her to go on, and leaving her almost without power of resistance.

"I can not go home this way," she thought; "I maun goa round by the Arish Mell; may be Kit will be there, and I'll be better when I see him." Then, as the remembrance of the officer's questions came into her memory, her fears grew more intense, until, losing all control, she ran swiftly on, angry with herself for having taken the longest way home, and picturing all manner of harm and danger to Kit.

On she went down the long, steep path leading to the ruined chapel of Bindon. Suddenly she stopped.

Surely that was Kit, walking along the cliffs—yes, going slowly, as if watching or waiting! Then he stood still, crouching down.

Bessie ran on now, if possible, faster, thinking

she would surprise him by getting under the cliff, and so come on him unawares. Sure-footed as a goat, and knowing every rock and turn, the girl rounded the corner over the smuggler's cave, and crept along in the direction of the Fossil Forest. Presently she stopped and shrank back, standing close to a crevice in a fallen mass of rock; close and still, as if turned to stone herself, for there, within a hundred yards, wrapped in a night cloak and hood to keep off the keen east wind, stood the revenue officer, watching with his glass a passing vessel. Behind him, creeping like a panther down the steep cliff, was Kit Roberts!

A thousand sparks seemed flashing before Bessie's eyes; her lips opened; she tried to scream, but her voice was gone; she tried to start forward, but her knees gave way; and falling, she lay still, impelled by a horrible attraction to watch the murder; to see her lover, the man who in a few weeks was to be her husband, deliberately steal upon the officer, and with a sudden spring and blow, with his outstretched hands strike him over the cliff. She heard the murdered man's death yell, but no more; a cold hand seemed laid upon her heart, and sense left her.

When she recovered, Kit was sitting by her, his face white, and a terrible expression of fear and anger glaring out of his blood-shot eyes.

"How did you come here?" he asked, making no attempt to raise Bessie up or excuse himself.

Bessie told him; his face grew wilder. Springing up, he dragged her up too, almost crushing her wrists as he did so.

"There's only two ways to silence you, and by Heaven you shall take the alternative: follow HIM, or go with me to the priest at Dorchester, and be married. You came out of chapel to meet me; they'll hear we're off to Dorchester, and I'll be safe both from them and you."

* * * * * *

Three days after, Bessie was a bride. The girl hardly knew how those days had passed. She had been kept prisoner in a small room at the top of a house in some back street in Dorchester. Kit had brought her something to eat twice or thrice a day. Sometimes he spoke a few kind words, sometimes only scowled, and staggered, half drunk, out of the room. The third day he brought her a gay bonnet and shawl, and took her to the chapel.

All this time Bessie had been in a sort of dream; but the sight of the priest, the altar, and the holy words she heard broke the spell. All her love for Kit came rushing back, intensified to almost an agony of passion by the knowledge of his crime and his danger. The old flash came back to her eyes, the old color to her cheek. Kit felt her hand clasp round his as they left the altar; and before they quitted the chapel she drew down his head to whisper,

"I will save you though I die for it."

Meantime the body of the coast-guard had been found. Harry Walters's threat was corroborated by a dozen voices, and the old man hurried off to jail. The village was in a ferment of wonder and excitement, for simultaneous with the murder was Bessie Walters's elopement with Kit Roberts.

The first news that met Bessie and her husband was that of her father's arrest.

Who can describe the girl's horror and misery, the perplexity which beset and crushed her—on the one hand, to see her father hung for a crime of which her husband was guilty; on the other, to denounce the true murderer, and save her father by the sacrifice of her husband?

There was one thread of hope: the evidence against Harry Walters was merely circumstantial. Those who had heard him swear vengeance against the officer were now ready to swear he was drunk, and that a more forgiving, peaceable man never lived. Then, again, there was really no evidence to prove that the man met his death by unfair means at all. It was quite possible he might have slipped, and fallen over the cliff.

Once Bessie saw her father; but she dare not go to him again: his very love, and sorrow for the trouble and shame this accusation against him was bringing upon her and her husband, made her misery almost unendurable.

As the time for the assizes drew near, rumor again became open-mouthed; and when the first day came on, and the list of cases for trial was published, it became evident that the very men who had sworn to stick by the poor old man, and prove him innocent in spite of fifty judges, would all, by the blatant evidence of their imagination, and their love for publicity, go against and try their best to hang their old friend and neighbor.

Harry's trial was second on the list. Bessie, nearly crazy with conflicting feeling, was told she should see him then, in case of things going badly, when, of course, an interview would be more difficult. Afraid to refuse, lest she should rouse suspicion, Bessie went. She was alone with her father—hiding her face on his breast or his arm, not daring to trust herself to look into his face, aged and lined more by these few weeks than by all the hard days' work and trials of fifty years of life.

"Don't yo fret, my darling. Yo know I be innocent as an unborn babby."

A great and exceeding bitter cry burst from Bessie's lips.

"Doan't say that. Oh! faythor, yo're killin' I. I must tell yo—I maun tell yo, or my heart will break. Kit did it, faythor—"

The old man sprang to his feet; he had been kneeling beside the seat she was on.

"He did it, faythor; I seed him!" And, seizing the arm that, with hand clinched, hung by her, she told him the story of her husband's crime and her misery.

When she had done he still stood, his hands clinched, his head drooping.

Suddenly he turned, and lifting her up in his arms, held her to his heart as he had done when, as a motherless child, she had come to him for comfort in her childish trials.

"Bessie, my darling, ye ar done right in telling me. I can die happy when I know why I die. No, my dear, yo've not to fret; it's yo I'm thinkin' for, not Kit. God 'll have to think for him. It's yo, darling—yo'll find it hard to hold your tongue; but you must, dear. I'm your fayther, and God has given me a right to command my child. My command is t' yo goa back to Kit, and help the Lord to make him a better man. I hadn't many years to live, Bessie. It's not much whether I goa this year or five years later; and I allow I won't be hardly judged in the other world for wot I'm doing now."

What was the girl to do? Kit was her husband; there was still a chance for her father. She went out of the prison, thinking she could be patient; but when daylight dawned upon her aching, sleepless eyes, she knew her fate was come.

Kit was sitting at the table writing when she got out of bed. She went over to him, and put her arms round him; he looked up in her face.

God knows what he saw there; perhaps the shadow of her doom or his. Whatever it was, it made him lay his head upon the table, and sob in the very bitterness of a man's despairing passion.

Bessie did not try to comfort him. She had her work to do. Kit sobbed on; then, turning, he came over to his wife, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"You are right, Bessie; only you are not to do it. I'll do it myself." And he left her.

Bessie ran after him: he was gone. Rushing back to her room, she began dressing; life and death depended upon it—ay, indeed, life and death; for, even as she hurried down stairs, a crowd came to the door—a crowd with white, frightened faces—bearing in their midst a body!

Kit had shot himself. The paper he had been writing when Bessie gave him her last kiss was a full confession of his crime.

Harry Walters was released, but never showed his face in Lulworth. When Bessie was able to move, they emigrated; and no tidings of them, weal or woe, have ever reached their old home.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IMMEDIATELY after the Chicago fire skillful men commenced making experiments in restoring defaced writing and printing on charred bonds, currency, and valuable papers. One of the greatest difficulties experienced has been to separate papers which were rolled or folded together. Cinders are brittle, and close rolls of them are likely to crumble into pieces before they can be separated. In view of this fact, some valuable directions are given by a Chicago newspaper in regard to the arrangement of papers in safes, and the treatment of them after a fire has occurred. These directions, in brief, are as follows:

First, before the fire.—Have a separate compartment in your safe large enough to spread out the papers at full size. Pack them in tight. Keep bills in packages similar to those in banks, never rolling or folding them up.

Second, after the fire.—Let your safe *alone* till it cools off thoroughly, and then never break it open. Pry it open with levers, jimmies, or screws. Never open it on a windy day, as many a book reduced to cinders has been blown away. When opened, take out the contents with the utmost possible care, preserving their position and condition as nearly as possible. Pack them in cotton, put them in a trunk, and transport them as carefully as possible to the place where they will be deciphered.

The new Congressional Library building, completed only about a year ago, is already too small for the constantly increasing volumes which claim a place in it. The library now contains 235,000 volumes, and not far from 5000 are annually added to the number. It has been suggested that the government purchase the squares north and south of the eastern portion of the Capitol grounds, and erect a building which shall accommodate not only the present and prospective wants of the Library of Congress, but also the Supreme Court of the United States, the Court of Claims, the Department of Justice, and government commissions.

A congregation of Israelites in Chicago have given up the Jewish Sabbath, and observe the Christian, on the first day of the week.

Times change. During the year 1841 there appeared in the New Orleans *Picayune* the following advertisement, prefixed by the usual cut representing a runaway slave:

$5 REWARD.—Run away from the subscribers, on the 23d of November last, the negro boy Oscar Dunn, an apprentice to the plastering trade. He is of griffe color, between twenty and twenty-one years of age, and about five feet ten or eleven inches high. All persons are cautioned not to harbor said boy under penalty of the law. WILSON & PATTERSON, corner of St. John and Common streets.

This same Oscar Dunn has been Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana. His death was recently announced.

Georgia young ladies under eighteen have an incentive placed before them to excel in the culinary department. The directors of the Fair Association of Columbia have offered a prize of seventy-five dollars to the under-eighteen-year-old young lady who will cook the best dinner on the fair grounds with the following bill of fare:

Roast beef, chicken pie, corn-bread, plain biscuit, mashed potatoes, boiled rice, and one kind of pastry, to be selected by the cook. Provisions furnished by the directors; the young lady furnishes only an apron for work.

Just now it may be of some interest to our readers to refresh their memories in regard to the reigning sovereign of Russia and his family. Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, born April 17, 1818, son of Emperor Nicholas I. and of Princess Charlotte of Prussia; succeeded his father February 18, 1855; married April 16, 1841, to Maria, born August 8, 1824, daughter of Grand Duke Ludwig II. of Hesse-Darmstadt. Children: 1. Grand Duke Alexander, heir-apparent, born February 26, 1845; married November 9, 1866, to Maria Dagmar, daughter of King Christian IX. of Denmark; son, Nicholas, born May 18, 1868. 2. Grand Duke Vladimir, born April 10, 1847. 3. Grand Duke Alexis, born January 2, 1850. 4. Grand Duchess Maria, born October 5, 1853. 5. Grand Duke Sergius, born April, 1857. 6. Grand Duke Paul, born September 21, 1860. Sister of the emperor, Grand Duchess Olga, born August 30, 1822, married to Prince Charles (now King) of Würtemberg.

Alexis is the favorite son of the emperor, and almost invariably accompanies his father in his visits to the different provinces of the empire. He was present at the memorable interview which occurred at Ems last summer between his grand-uncle the Emperor Wilhelm of Germany and the Emperor of Russia, and only left his father after the interview with the Emperor of Austria in order to join his squadron, then about to sail from Cronstadt for the United States.

The first church in the burned district of Chicago has been erected by the enterprise and energy of Rev. M. M. Parkhurst, pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church. It is located on the corner of Chicago Avenue and North Lasalle Street, and affords a very comfortable place of worship, though designed only for temporary use.

The color of the "period" is "Russian green;" the most stylish trimming for toilets is "Alexis garniture."

The newsboys of the Rivington-street Lodging-House contributed $16 in aid of the Chicago sufferers. The receipt of the money was acknowledged by the Rev. Robert Collyer in the following characteristic letter:

CHICAGO, *November* 17, 1871.

To the Boys at the Rivington-street Lodging-House:

MY DEAR FELLOWS,—Your great friend and mine, Mr. Williams, has sent me a letter from Mr. Calder, with one from himself and the $16 you gave to help Chicago through this hard pinch. I write this to thank you for what you have done, right out of my heart—to tell you that I think your subscription is one of the grandest that was ever made for any thing, because you must have so very little to spare; and whenever you get into a tight place this winter, I want you to feel you have helped some poor fellow out of a tighter.

Now I will tell you what I mean to do with this money. I mean to keep it all to itself, and whenever, as long as it lasts, I see any boy or girl I think needs a dollar, I will take one of yours to give them. I hope I shall make no mistake, and give it to the right sort—just to those who really need it, and not to those who are shamming. I should hate to be taken in; but if I am, I want you all to try and remember if you have ever taken a fellow in; and if you have, you must consider my mistake as your punishment, and never do it again. And so, boys, God bless you for your kind hearts and the way you put your hands deep down in your pockets. I am always yours,

ROBERT COLLYER,

"the very same chap that was preaching beside a burned church in *Harper's Weekly*, I am."

This letter produced immense gratification among the newsboys, who asked for a second reading of it, that they might wholly comprehend it. It was pronounced "a bully epistle." Most of them said they had seen the "chap" in *Harper's Weekly*.

A severe winter is predicted. Whether it will be so in this section of the country remains to be seen. It is true that the bitter cold has already invaded London. Many deaths have been reported as the direct result of the severe weather. And from Western plains come reports of men and cattle frozen to death. But experience proves that the state of the weather in one part of the world is not a reliable index for another part of the world. Yet when wintry blasts begin to blow there will be need here, as every where, for the charitable to extend help to the unfed, unsheltered poor, who have little ability to prepare for emergencies.

For a long time a law has existed in Russia forbidding the lending of money at a higher rate of interest than five per cent. This law had precisely the opposite effect to that which was intended, for as very few people could be found to lend money at a legal rate, a class of usurers sprang up who charged enormous sums to cover themselves against a risk of breaking the law. A ukase has now been issued under which the lending of money is permitted without restriction as to the rate of interest, and it is hoped that the competition which this will produce will considerably lower the rates hitherto charged.

We see it stated that smoking in the streets of Chicago is forbidden. This is merely a precautionary measure; but non-smokers, who have often been forced to walk behind inveterate smokers, will rejoice.

It is stated that Edwin Booth has acted Hamlet over twelve hundred times.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE BOSS'S DREAM OF THANKSGIVING.

[WHICH DID NOT COME TRUE.]

COME, send the sparkling Champagne round—
  Glasses and bottles for four;
And bottles and glasses ten thousandfold
  We can make on that Court-house floor.
Away with the rule of kings and queens,
  And each kaiser's ill-won wealth;
But we'll always fill with a right good-will,
  And drink to *our* Keyser's health.

Fill up again, old comrades, fill;
  The "Charter" will stand it all:
"The mair the merrier," don't ye hear,
  From our classical friend O'Hall?
Hip, hip, hurrah! let us drink away,
  And empty one flowing bowl
To our good comrade in the furniture trade,
  Our *Chair*-man, Ingersoll!

Of merry lives ours is the choicest one;
  For there's no good monarch alive
Ruling his subjects at "two per cent."
  And pocketing twenty-five.
Fill up, fill up, and drain one big cup
  Ere we fly from the banquet, *Hall*,
To every man of the Garvey clan
  Who plastered the Court-house wall.

Again fill up your beakers, boys,
  I've a glorious toast to give:
"The Press"—I'm loath, but long may both
  The (*E*)*Leader* and *Conscript* live!
Ah! Connolly winks, and Sweeny thinks
  Of starting a *Park Gazette*.
There, I'll make amends with a joke, my friends—
  We all may be Press(ed) men yet.

Now that we've cared for our friends so well,
  Let us drink a toast or two
To our wily foes, who turn their nose
  At Connolly, you, and you.
Hic, hic, I'm sick—your napkin, Dick;
  Going round is the banquet, *Hall*;
I see some Seventy Shadows point
  To "the writing on the wall!"

AUTUMN HUES—Cutting wood for winter.

No matter how prosperous their business may be, whalers and lard-makers always have trying times.

Shakspeare would never have asked "what's in an aim?" if he had been hit on the head with a brick.

Enraged parent: "Did you throw the half-brick at random?" Weeping boy: "No; I threw it at Johnny Williams." "And did you strike him on purpose?" "No; I struck him on the nose."

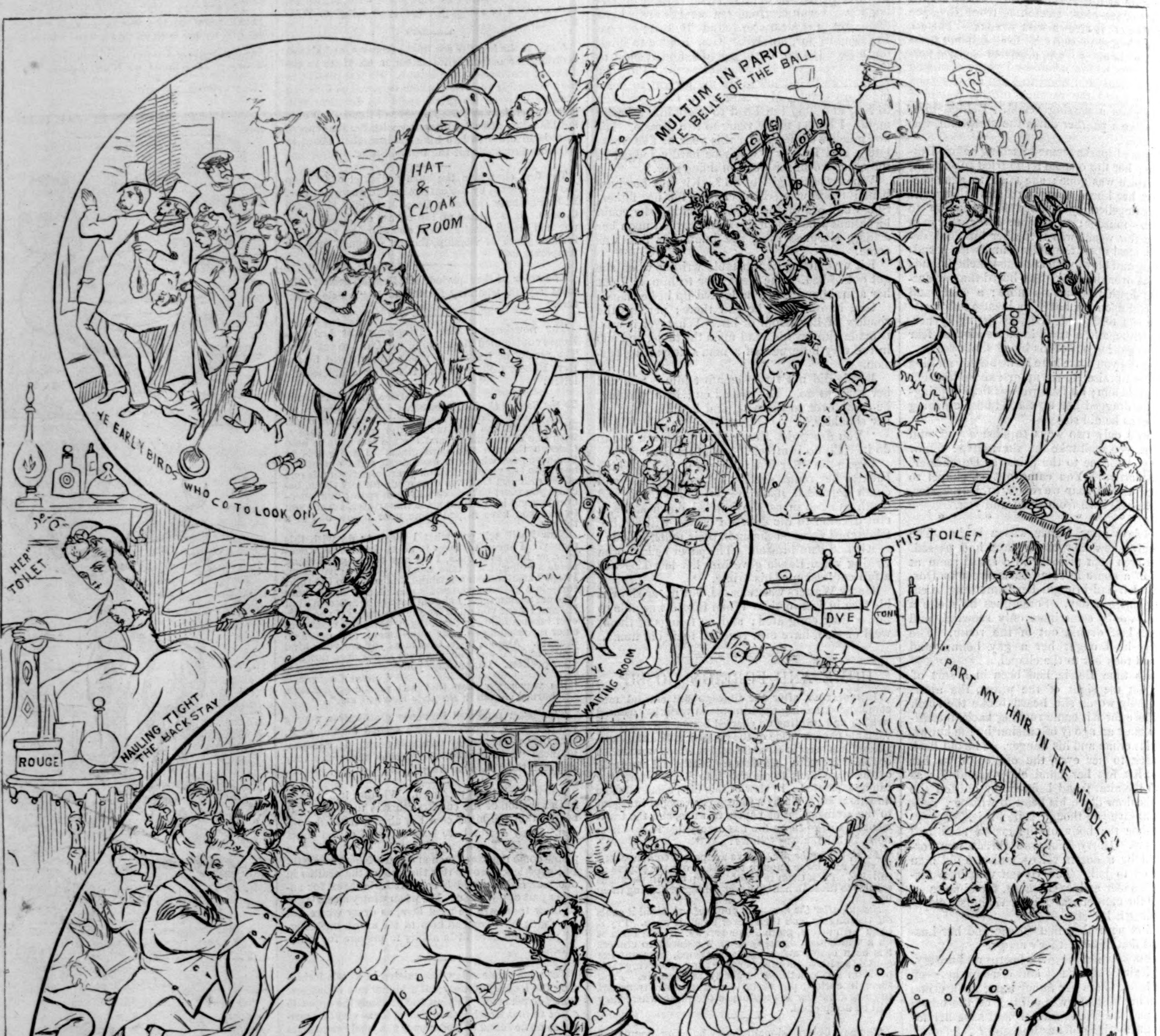
THE GRAND DUKE.

ISN'T HE A DUCK?

ISN'T HE A DEAR?

THE LION OF THE DAY.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN BEAR.



YE GRAND DUCAL BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—[By our Comic Artist.]

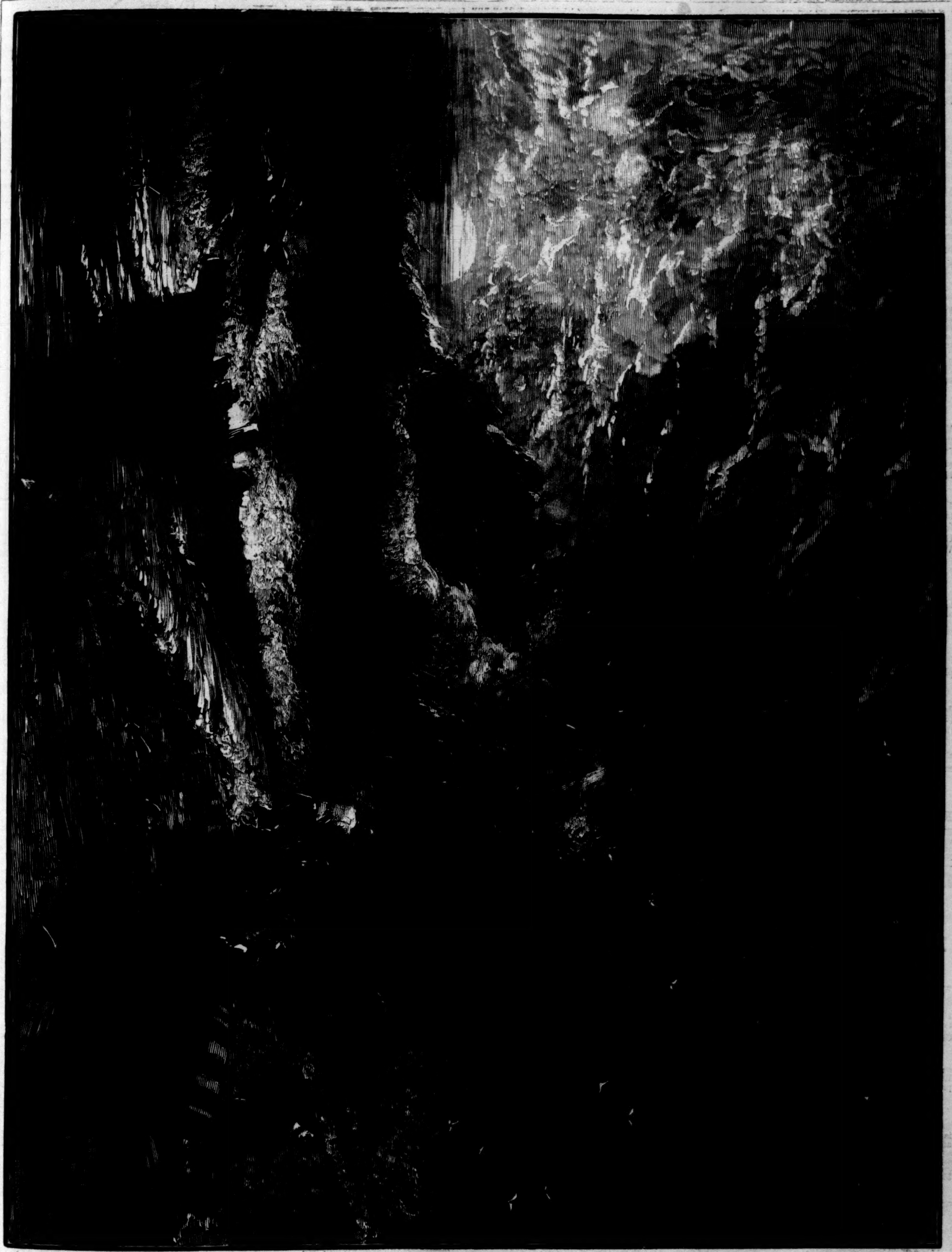
THE WRECK.

The effective illustration on this page is very appropriate at this season of the year, when our long line of sea-coast, stretching from Nova Scotia to Mexico, is strewn with wrecks. The sacrifice of life and property by fires and other disasters on land is comparatively insignificant when compared with that on our lakes and sea-coasts. This is partly owing to official negligence. Long stretches of dangerous coast remain unguarded by light-houses, and the provisions for the rescue of shipwrecked seamen and passengers are inadequate to the service required. In this respect we are far behind England.

We read in a recent number of the *Life-Boat* that during the past year 1865 vessels were wrecked on the coast of the United Kingdom, involving the loss of 774 lives. Nearly half of this loss resulted from ten wrecks, 180 being drowned in the *Cambria*, and 200 in nine other vessels. The number of lives saved during the year amounted to 4654, and of these a large proportion were rescued by the life-boats of the National Life-boat Institution. Of the total number of wrecks "795 happened when the wind was such that a ship could carry her top-gallant sails, 141 when a ship ought to be well able to hold her course, and 492 with the wind at and above a strong gale."

The *Life-Boat* speaks of the facility with which incompetent persons obtain command of vessels as one of the most frequent causes of shipwreck. With reference to the losses on the English coasts it says: "We observe that 427 vessels were lost last year while under the command of masters who held certificates of competency; and that in 180 other cases the masters held certificates of service. But no less than 819 of the wrecked vessels were under the command of persons not possessing, and not required to possess, certificates of competency, in addition to 165 cases where it is not known whether or not the masters held certificates, and 274 where foreign masters not holding British certificates were employed. It is matters like these that call loudly for legislative interference."

The average number of American vessels lost, in all parts of the world, is about forty-five a month, or more than one a day. In money, the average loss is $1,500,000 a month, or $50,000 a day. Enormous as these figures may seem, they form but a small portion of the total casualties of the world. Thus, in 1866, out of a total loss of 11,711 vessels, 571 were American; and in 1867 our loss was 536 out of a total loss of 12,513. A large proportion of these losses occur on our own coast, owing to the insufficient means of warning. The line of coast between



THE WRECK.—[Drawn by Granville Perkins, Engraved by W. J. Linton.]

the light-houses is not systematically patrolled, as it should be, and no regular look-out to sea is kept for endangered vessels. The light-house keepers, not being subject to a strict government surveillance, are frequently negligent of their duties; and so remiss or so incompetent are the inspectors that, only a year or two ago, the officers of vessels sailing along the coast were requested to keep a watch upon the light-house keepers, and to report every instance of neglect. Many fearful disasters are traceable directly to the failure of the light-house keepers to perform their duty.

The readers of *Harper's Weekly* will find the most complete assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Underwear, Gloves, etc., etc.; also Robes de Chambre and House Coats, for Holiday Presents, at Union Adams & Co.'s, 637 Broadway, near Bleecker St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. E. J. Stout, Elkader, Iowa, besides doing all the housework for a family of four persons, made last year, with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, one hundred and fifty fashionable dresses, hemmed over 2000 yards of biased ruffling, and made quite a number of under-garments. This is about her average work a year, in all kinds of general sewing, for seven years, with no repairs to her machine.—[*Com.*]

THERE IS NO EXCUSE

For a lady appearing in society with her face covered with freckles, tan, and other disfigurements which the skin is liable to, while they can obtain a harmless toilet preparation for effectually removing all such blemishes. Ask your druggist for a bottle of Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." You will be surprised and delighted with the effect it will produce. After using a short time it will leave the skin soft, smooth, clear, and radiant in beauty.

Depôt, 5 Gold St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

The Stem-Winding E. Howard & Co. Watches can not be excelled by any made in the world. Not only do they require no key for winding, but the hands are also set by the stem. Examine them before buying. Office, 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

Pyle's O.K. Soap, Saleratus, and Cream-Tartar, first-class household articles that will speak for themselves on trial, sold by all first-class Grocers. James Pyle, Manufacturer, 350 Washington St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

DU CHAILLU'S LECTURES.

M. Du Chaillu's services as a lecturer may be obtained by addressing the American Literary Bureau of New York, Boston, and Chicago.—[*Com.*]

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is a preparation of great merit, and is rapidly displacing all others for the hair.—[*Com.*]

The Youth's Companion.—A sort of Chamber's Journal for the young—a paper to elevate as well as please.—[*Com.*]

Mothers and Nurses.—Burnett's Kalliston is admirable for the sensitive skin of infants.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR PIMPLY ERUPTIONS,

Black Heads, and Blotched Disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by all Druggists.

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Which is a most important constituent of the human body, existing largely in the Brain, Nervous System, Blood, and Bones. It is the UNDUE WASTE or DEFICIENCY of this life-giving and life-sustaining element which is the IMMEDIATE CAUSE of

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is the only preparation which accomplishes this result; and it is an absolute cure for the Diseases above named.

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Prepared only by J. WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, 36 John Street, New York, and sold by all Druggists.

Price $1 and $2 per Bottle.

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Fifty (50) common red or black-tailed deer for breeding purposes, delivered to railroad in good condition. Address offers to office BLOOMING GROVE PARK, No. 103 Fulton Street, New York.

$10 from 50 Cts

12 Samples sent (postage paid) for Fifty Cents, that retail easily for Ten Dollars. R. L. Wolcott, N.Y.

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. Stinson & Co., *Fine Art Publishers*, Portland, Maine.

FACES ON THE WALL.

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Minister's Wooing," &c.

ONCE there was a very good little girl, who, by reason of her goodness, knew where to find strawberries in the winter. In the same way, less perfect people, blessed by the generous fairies of memory and imagination, may sit, as I do now, in the midst of falling leaves and whistling winds, and call back the green grasses and the summer sun. I see yonder in the glen the darling of our house, the gold gleam in her brown hair, a chain of daisies in her hand, and in her eyes the roguish meditation of a kitten, weary for an instant only of its play, and thinking slyly on another spring. Thrown back upon the velvet grass, she is not resting, only pausing: from her bright glances to the tips of her tiny fingers, she is wide awake.

But now the merry play is over, and our pet nestles yonder on the sofa-cushion, tired at last in earnest. Slowly the lids fall, and the lingering smile dies out; but the flush in cheek and lip remains, like the glow after sunset. The gathered buttercups and daises are loosely held by the fair little hand; no shadows, even of dream-land, disturb the sweet brow's perfect peace. She is fast asleep.

In other words, two chromos hang upon the wall, bewitching child heads, in which every mother sees something of her own dear ones, never grown old, and never lost to her, however time or death may have dealt with them.

Nothing pleases more at first sight or gives pleasure longer than poetical pictures of children. "The little child" whom Jesus sets in the midst of every family is a joy that grows not old and fades not.

> "Age can not wither—custom can not stale
> Its infinite variety."

For this reason a happy picture of a child brings an enjoyment more lasting than any other, because it is a subject of which no one ever tires.

But these pictures, besides their constant charm for grown folks, are such as *children* can understand and love. Our little "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep" would give many a pleasant hour of companionable amusement and intercourse to the little people akin to them in age. The pictures that children's eyes rest on, as they are dropping off to sleep or as they awake in the morning, seem to them like living friends. All sorts of childish dreams and fancies make of the pictured face a real companion. Not only in the parlor or the sitting-room would they be an attractive and fitting embellishment, but they are a charming pair for the adornment of a nursery.

Undoubtedly these two pictures are portraits. There is a realistic faithfulness and truth about them that forbids the idea of their being fancy heads. They will remind many parents of little ones, either here or in heaven. Dickens says somewhere of his portraiture of little Nell that he has had letters from the farthest regions of the earth speaking of children who resembled her—so dear, and so early taken! He who paints one child well, paints thousands, and speaks to the tenderest feelings of innumerable hearts.

Of course there is a pleasure in possessing an original painting; but when the question lies between an original at five hundred dollars, and a chromo which can scarcely be distinguished from it at ten dollars—particularly when one has not the five hundred to spare—the choice is not very difficult. As to these two exquisite chromos, only a critical examination can distinguish between the copies and the originals which sold for many hundreds—which is certainly more than can be said of the best copies of most pictures painted by hand.

Blessings upon chromo-lithography, by which the successful painting of a master can be reproduced indefinitely, and can enter thousands of homes with its educating, quickening, reforming influences!

It is not alone into the dwellings of the great and wealthy that we follow this pretty pair with anticipations of delight. We see them in the cottages of the poor, in the log cabin of the backwoodsman, brightening the toil of the hard-working wife and mother, and receiving the almost adoring wonder of children who have never seen pictures before.

God bless the darlings—send the little comforters fast and far!

The charming *pair* of oil chromos, "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," of whose real beauty and attractiveness Mrs. Stowe's graceful sketch can give but an imperfect idea—so pleasing are they to all who love art or children—have always sold in the picture stores for $10, and the original publisher has never been able to supply the great demand for them even at that price. And yet, although thousands of them have been sold in America at that high price, they are now within the reach of all, for they are

GIVEN AWAY

to every subscriber to *The Christian Union*, an unsectarian, literary, religious, and domestic weekly newspaper, edited by Henry Ward Beecher.

As to the *Christian Union*, the great success of that paper has been a marvel in the history of journalism, and the scholarly and critical New York *Nation* calls it "not only the ablest and best, but also the most popular of American religious periodicals."

This paper is now a large quarto of sixteen pages, *cut and stitched*. After the first of January it will be printed on a still larger sheet, folded in *twenty-four* pages, somewhat smaller than the present ones, also *cut and stitched*—a decided advantage possessed by no other religious weekly published. It *contains* contributions from eminent writers of *all* denominations, and has matter of interest for every member of the household, *young and old*. For the year 1872 Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe will write *exclusively* for the Christian Union (with the exception of *one* short story already engaged for another periodical).

The terms of subscription to this paper are, *For one year*, only $3 00. This will entitle the subscriber to the paper and to the above *pair* of beautiful Oil Chromos. The Christian Union, including the *Illustrated Holiday Number* (double size, 32 pp.), will be sent free until Jan. 1st, 1872, to all who *now* subscribe for the year 1872.

Specimen copies of the paper will be mailed free of postage to any address on receipt of six cents by J. B. Ford & Co., Publishers, 27 Park Place, New York. For full particulars, see advertisement below.

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What is the reason that the Religious Weekly started two years ago, namely,

The Christian Union,

should have so suddenly achieved a success that makes all newspaper men wonder?

Reasons Why!

1st. HENRY WARD BEECHER is its Editor. His vigorous pen in *Editorials* and *Star Papers*, and Mr. Ellinwood's famed verbatim reports of his helpful *Lecture-Room Talks* in Plymouth Church, are an attraction to thousands of readers, who always want to know what he thinks on religious themes and the topics of the times. He is assisted by *an able editorial staff*.

2d. It is Unsectarian in Religion, Independent in Political Discussion, and devoted to Morals, Reform, Home and Foreign News—both of Church matters and the world at large—Literature, Science, Art, Music, Agriculture, Trade, Finance, &c., &c., with contributions from *eminent writers of all denominations*.

3d. It has Something for Every Member of the Household—father, mother, boys and girls, young men and young women, *all* find something of interest. Admirable contributed and editorial articles discussing all the great topics of the day; fresh information on unhackneyed subjects; much matter of a high and pure religious tone; a Domestic Department, choice Poems, Household Stories, and Chat for the Little Ones; one of its chief attractions being Mrs. H. B. Stowe's fascinating Tales.

4th. It admits no Medical or other possibly objectionable advertisements, nor any thing to offend the purest or most fastidious, and is therefore a favorite *family* paper.

5th. Its Form is so Convenient for reading, binding, and preservation as to be a great special merit in its favor, apart from its superior literary attractions.

6th. A Superb WORK OF ART is Given Away to Every Subscriber, and the Subscription Price is

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Two Exquisite French Oil Chromos, the subjects of which are Life Size, and can not fail to please all who love art or children,

Are GIVEN AWAY to every subscriber for 1872, whether it be a *New Subscription* or a *Renewal!* The subjects are *life size*. The pair, by a fortunate arrangement which one of the partners of this house was able to make in Paris during the late siege with the proprietors of the pictures, are furnished at a rate *entirely exceptional*; so that, although thousands of them have been sold in America **at $10**, and still are and will be sold at that price by the picture trade generally, they can be *given* to subscribers.

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Including the

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This will entitle the subscriber to the paper and to the above *pair* of beautiful Oil Chromos, deliverable at the publication office. If the subscriber will add *ten cents* [$3 10] for expenses of wrapping, mailing, &c., the Chromos will be sent *free, by mail*; and if the subscriber prefers to send still 25 cents more [or $3 35 altogether], the copies so mailed will be strongly mounted on card-board, sized and varnished, all ready for framing. This is the method we recommend as the *most satisfactory, and the one which nearly all our subscribers order.*

Send money by *postal orders, drafts, or registered letters* direct to the Publishers, and you will receive your *papers* immediately and regularly. The Chromos will be mailed as rapidly as possible to subscribers in the order of their names on the subscription list.

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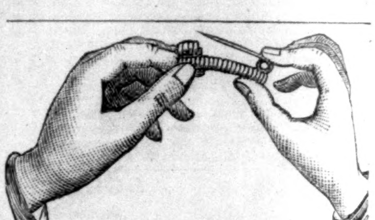

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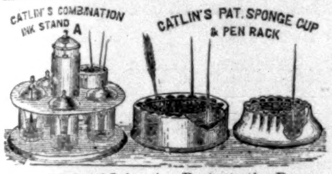

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GREAT OFFERS.—All new subscribers will receive the last three numbers of 1871, and "THE CHRISTMAS LOCKET," a Holiday Gift-Book, FREE.

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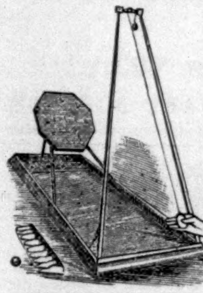

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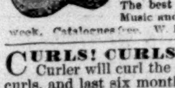

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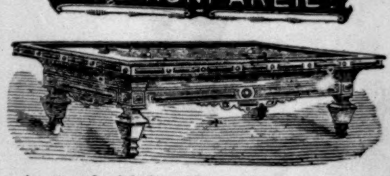

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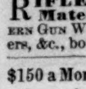

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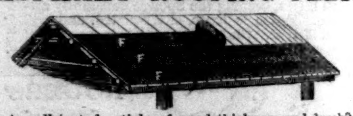

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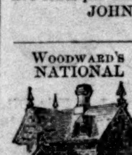

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THE TRAVELING PHOTOGRAPHER IN THE COUNTRY.—FROM A SKETCH BY THOMAS WORTH.—[SEE PAGE 1186.]

THE TRAVELING PHOTOGRAPHER IN THE COUNTRY.—From a Sketch by Thomas Worth.—[See Page 1186.]

MY TALISMAN.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

You took my hand in your two dear hands—
Oh! but the night was a perfect night,
A sort of enchanted festival
Of music and flowers and light!—
You took my hand, and I was content,
But I did not know what your petting meant
Till I saw the ring on my finger.

But the secret was out when I saw my hand—
We never minded the night at all—
It was only a little ring, you know,
But precious it seemed, for all:
So precious I've kissed it a thousand times,
And thought it deserved a thousand rhymes,
And so does your love for me, Love!

And my hand? Why, it seemed such a different hand;
It didn't look like my hand at all;
My eyes kept seeking it all the time—
So cunning and white and small!
'Twas all the work of that wonderful ring—
'Twas a priceless and talismanic thing.
Did I thank you with eyes or with lips, Love?

Not then, you know, for we sat in the glare—
Oh! but the night was a perfect night!—
But I sat still in a trustful calm,
Wrapped in a deep delight,
Nestling warm and close at your side,
Looking up at you with a pleased pride,
And my heart was as blithe as a joy-bell.

I looked up at you and down at my ring,
And I blessed the night in my thankful heart—
You were so noble and good and grand,
And we were no more apart!
Ah! how happy you made me, Love!
As happy as any brooding dove:
I could doubt you no more forever!

Many a night I've gone to sleep
Caressing the hand that wears your ring;
For 'tis ever to me a new delight—
A sacred and lovely thing!
'Tis long since I looked upon your face;
I hunger and faint for its tender grace:
The smile wastes off from my own, Love!

"Even this too shall pass away!"
Was graven once on a monarch's ring;
But mine shall outwear my life, I know,
By my sick heart's fluttering.
But all the while that it slimmer grows,
And my cheek gets whiter, that once was rose,
You grow dearer to me, Love!

Love shall endure, though the ring may wear;
I wait while the days and the years go by;
Days and years are the same to me—
I am yours until I die!
So I never look into your eyes again—
If Prayer and Patience and Pain are vain—
They shall bury my ring with me, Love!

THE TRAVELING PHOTOGRAPHER.

YEARS ago, before the days of the daguerreotype and photography, two classes of artists used to appear occasionally in retired villages—the oil-portrait painter and the silhouette or shadow-portrait cutter. The former was always the more popular of the two. His pictures were bigger and more striking, and when hung up in the parlor—an apartment sacred to visitors, and opened only on grand occasions—made an impressive show. The silhouettes were merely the outlines of the head and shoulders cut in profile out of blackened paper, and, being diminutive, the likeness, however perfect, was not so easily recognizable. Now and then, in old-fashioned country parlors, we see specimens of these shadow portraits hanging over the fire-place which have held their own against the faded glories of the more ambitious life-size pictures in oil, in fly-specked gilt frames, which are supposed to adorn the walls.

The art of photography has, in great measure, superseded the rude attempts of these itinerant artists with something infinitely better than any thing that can be done by any but the most skillful masters. The sun is a most faithful artist. All he requires in his human assistant is a little skill in posturing, a little deftness in manipulation, and he will do all the rest with a beauty and fidelity beyond the reach of the most patient handiwork of man. Photography is undoubtedly one of the most potent instruments of popular education in the world. It brings the most distant countries to our very door. We sit round the table at evening, and, with the aid of the stereoscope and the pictures which the sun has drawn for us, visit the Pyramids of Egypt, look into the stony eyes of the Sphinx, explore the Alpine heights and valleys, grope our way through the Mammoth Cave, or walk the splendid streets of European cities. Like the fabled magic carpet of the Arabian Nights, on which the fortunate possessor could transport himself in the twinkling of an eye from one place to another, these pictures take us up and carry us to the most remote regions of the world—without subjecting us, however, to the danger to which the passengers by the magic-carpet line were exposed—that of falling off in mid-air if a word was spoken or a thought of fear entered the heart during the perilous flight through space.

There is no doubt that since the general introduction of portrait and landscape photography a more general taste for good pictures has sprung up among our people. There are few families that do not have upon their tables photographs of distinguished men and women, or of places celebrated in history or fiction. At least they have family portraits which serve to keep alive pleasant remembrances and kindly affections. Take, for example, the incident shown in our illustration on page 1185. We know that the honest old couple who have driven up to have themselves taken in their homely old wagon—the faithful old horse will, of course, be included in the picture—will feel new warmth about their hearts every time their eyes fall on the faithful photograph. In this way the work of the itinerant photographer lives after him, and fulfills a useful though humble mission among the people.

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POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

(Continued.)

LUCILLA TRIES HER SIGHT.

"SOH!" cried Grosse, dropping her hand with a sudden outbreak of annoyance and surprise. "Who has been frightening my pretty Feench? Why these cold trembles? these sinking pulses? Some of you tell me—what does it mean?"

Here was my opportunity! I tried my idea on the spot.

"It means," I said, "that there are too many people in this room. We confuse her and frighten her. Take her into her bedroom, Herr Grosse; and only let the rest of us in when you think right—one at a time."

Our excellent surgeon instantly seized on my idea, and made it his own.

"You are a phenix among womens," he said, paternally patting me on the shoulder. "Which is most perfectest, your advice or your Mayonnaise, I am at a loss to know." He turned to Lucilla, and raised her gently from her chair. "Come into your own rooms with me, my poor little Feench. I shall see if I dare take off your bandages to-day."

Lucilla clasped her hands entreatingly.

"You promised!" she said. "Oh, Herr Grosse, you promised to let me use my eyes to-day!"

"Answer me this!" retorted the German. "Did I know, when I promised, that I should find you all shaky-pale, and white as my shirts when he comes back from the wash?"

"I am quite myself again," she pleaded, faintly. "I am quite fit to have the bandage taken off."

"What! you know better than I do? Which of us is surgeon-optic—you or me? No more of this. Come under my arms! Come into the odder rooms!"

He put her arm in his, and walked with her to the door. There her variable humor suddenly changed. She rallied on the instant. Her face flushed; her courage came back. To my horror, she snatched her arm away from the surgeon, and refused to leave the room.

"No!" she said. "I am quite composed again; I claim your promise. Remove me here. I must and will have my first look at Oscar in this room."

(I was afraid—literally afraid—to turn my eyes Oscar's way. I glanced at Nugent instead. There was a devilish smile on his face that it nearly drove me mad to see.)

"You must and weel?" repeated Grosse. "Now mind!" He took out his watch. "I give you one little minutes to think in. If you don't come with me in that time, you shall find it is I who must and weel. Now!"

"Why do you object to go into your room?" I asked.

"Because I want every body to see me," she answered. "How many of you are there here?"

"There are five of us. Mr. and Mrs. Finch; Mr. Nugent Dubourg; Oscar; and myself."

"I wish there were five hundred of you, instead of five!" she burst out.

"Why?"

"Because you would see me pick out Oscar from all the rest the instant the bandage was off my eyes!"

Still holding to her own fatal conviction that the image in her mind of Oscar was the right one! For the second time, though I felt the longing in me to look at him, I shrank from doing it.

Herr Grosse put his watch back in his pocket.

"The minutes is past," he said. "Will you come into the odder rooms? Will you understand that I can not properly examine you before all these peoples? Say, my lofely Feench—Yes? or No?"

"No!" she cried, obstinately, with a childish stamp of her foot. "I insist on showing every body that I can pick out Oscar the moment I open my eyes."

Herr Grosse buttoned his coat, settled his owlish spectacles firmly on his nose, and took up his hat. "Goot-morning," he said. "I have nothing more to do with you or your eyes. Cure yourself, you little-spitfire-Feench. I am going back to London."

He opened the door. Even Lucilla was obliged to yield when the surgeon in attendance on her threatened to throw up the case.

"You brute!" she said, indignantly—and took his arm again.

Grosse indulged himself in his diabolical grin. "When you are able to use your eyes, my lofe, you will see that I am not such a brutes as I look." With those words he took her out.

We were left in the sitting-room, to wait until the surgeon had decided whether he would or would not let Lucilla try her sight on that day.

While the others were, in their various ways, all suffering the same uneasy sense of expectation, I was as quiet in my mind as the baby now sleeping in his mother's arms. Thanks to Grosse's resolution to act on the hint that I had given to him, I had now made it impossible—even if the bandage was removed on that day—for Nugent to catch Lucilla's first look when she opened her eyes. Her betrothed husband might certainly, on such a special occasion as this, be admitted into her bed-chamber, in company with her father or with me. But the commonest sense of propriety would dictate the closing of the door on Nugent. In the sitting-room he must wait (if he still persisted in remaining at the rectory) until she was allowed to join him there. I privately resolved, having the control of the matter now in my own hands, that this should not happen until Lucilla knew which of the twins was Nugent and which was Oscar. A delicious inward glow of triumph diffused itself all through me. I resisted the strong temptation that I felt to discover how Nugent bore his defeat. If I had yielded to it, he would have seen in my face that I gloried in having outwitted him. I sat down, the picture of innocence, in the nearest chair, and crossed my hands on my lap, a composed and lady-like person, edifying to see.

The slow minutes followed each other—and still we waited the event in silence. Even Mr. Finch's tongue was, on this solitary occasion, a tongue incapable of pronouncing a single word. He sat by his wife at one end of the room. Oscar and I were at the other. Nugent stood by himself at one of the windows, deep in his own thoughts, plotting how he could pay me out.

Oscar was the first of the party who broke the silence. After looking all round the room, he suddenly addressed himself to me.

"Madame Pratolungo," he exclaimed, "what has become of Jicks?"

I had completely forgotten the child. I too looked round the room, and satisfied myself that she had really disappeared. Mrs. Finch, observing our astonishment, timidly enlightened us. The maternal eye had seen Jicks slip out of the room at Herr Grosse's heels. The child's object was plain enough. While there was any probability of the presence of more gingerbread in the surgeon's pocket, the wandering Arab of the family (as stealthy and as quick as a cat) was certain to keep within reach of her friend. Nobody who knew her could doubt that she had slipped into Lucilla's bed-chamber, under cover of Herr Grosse's ample coat tails.

We had just accounted in this way for the mysterious absence of Jicks, when we heard the bed-chamber door opened, and the surgeon's voice calling for Zillah. In a minute more the nurse appeared, the bearer of a message from the next room.

We all surrounded her, with one and the same question to ask. What had Herr Grosse decided to do? The answer informed us that he had decided on forbidding Lucilla to try her eyes that day.

"Is she very much disappointed?" Oscar inquired, anxiously.

"I can hardly say, Sir. She isn't like herself. I never knew Miss Lucilla so quiet when she was crossed in her wishes before. When the doctor called me into the room she said, 'Go in, Zillah, and tell them.' Those words, Sir, and no more."

"Did she express no wish to see me?" I inquired.

"No, ma'am. I took the liberty of asking her if she wished to see you. Miss Lucilla shook her head, and sat herself down on the sofa, and made the doctor sit by her. 'Leave us by ourselves.' Those were the last words she said to me before I came in here."

Reverend Finch put the next question. The Pope of Dimchurch was himself again: the man of many words saw his chance of speaking once more.

"Good woman," said the rector, with ponderous politeness, "step this way. I wish to address an inquiry to you. Did Miss Finch make any remark, in your hearing, indicating a desire to be comforted by My Ministrations—as one bearing the double relation toward her of pastor and parent?"

"I didn't hear Miss Lucilla say any thing to that effect, Sir."

Mr. Finch waved his hand, with a look of disgust, intimating that Zillah's audience was over. Nugent, upon that, came forward, and stopped her as she was leaving the room.

"Have you nothing more to tell us?" he asked.

"No, Sir."

"Why don't they come back here? What are they doing in the other room?"

"They were doing what I mentioned just now, Sir—they were sitting side by side on the sofa. Miss Lucilla was talking, and the doctor was listening to her. And Jicks," added Zillah, addressing herself confidentially to me, "was behind them, picking the doctor's pocket."

Oscar put in a word there—by no means in his most gracious manner.

"What was Miss Lucilla saying to the surgeon?"

"I don't know, Sir."

"You don't know!"

"I couldn't hear, Sir. Miss Lucilla was speaking to him in a whisper."

After that there was no more to be said. Zillah, disturbed over her domestic occupations, and eager to get back to her kitchen, seized the first chance of leaving the room; going out in such a hurry that she forgot to close the door after her. We all looked at each other. To what conclusion did the nurse's strange answers point? It was plainly impossible for Oscar (no matter how quick his temper might be) to feel jealous of a man of Grosse's age and personal appearance. Still, the prolonged interview between patient and surgeon—after the decision had been pronounced, and the trial of the eyes definitely deferred to a future day—had a strange appearance, to say the least of it.

Nugent returned to his place at the window—puzzled, suspicious, deep in his own thoughts. Reverend Finch, swelling with unspoken words, rose portentously from his chair by his wife's side. Had he discovered another chance of inflicting his eloquence on us? It was only too evident that he had! He looked at us with his ominous smile. He addressed us in his biggest voice.

"My Christian friends—"

Nugent, unassailable by eloquence, persisted in looking out of the window. Oscar, insensible to every earthly consideration except the one consideration of Lucilla, drew me aside unceremoniously out of the rector's hearing. Mr. Finch resumed.

"My Christian friends, I could wish to say a few appropriate words."

"Go to Lucilla," whispered Oscar, taking me entreatingly by both hands. "*You* needn't stand on ceremony with her. Do, do see what is going on in the next room!"

Mr. Finch resumed.

"The occasion seems to call upon one in my position for a little sustaining advice on Christian duty—I would say, the duty of being cheerful under disappointment."

Oscar persisted.

"Do me the greatest of all favors! Pray find out what is keeping Lucilla with that man!"

Mr. Finch cleared his throat, and lifted his right hand persuasively, by way of introduction to his next sentence.

I answered Oscar in a whisper.

"I don't like intruding on them. Lucilla told the nurse they were to be left by themselves."

Just as I said the words I became aware of a sudden bump against me from behind. I turned, and discovered Jicks with the battering-ram doll, preparing for a second plunge at me. She stopped when she found that she had attracted my attention; and, taking hold of my dress, tried to pull me out of the room.

"Remove that child!" cried the rector, exasperated by this new interruption.

The child pulled harder and harder at my dress. She had apparently happened outside the sitting-room which had produced a strong impression on her. Her little round face was flushed; her bright blue eyes were wide open and staring. "Jicks wants to speak to you," she said, and pulled at me impatiently, harder than ever.

I stooped down, with the double purpose of obeying Mr. Finch's commands and of humoring the child's whim by carrying Jicks out of the room, when I was startled by a sound from the bedroom—the sound, loud and peremptory, of Lucilla's voice.

"Let me go!" she cried. "I am a woman—I won't be treated like a child."

There was a moment of silence, followed by the rustling sound of her dress approaching us along the corridor.

Grosse's voice, unmistakably angry and excited, became audible at the same time. "No! Come back! come back!"

The rustling sound of the dress came nearer.

Nugent and Mr. Finch moved together nearer to the door. Oscar caught me by the arm. He and I were on the left-hand side of the door; Nugent and the rector were on the right-hand side. It all happened with the suddenness of a flash of lightning. My heart stood still. I couldn't speak. I couldn't move.

The half-closed door of the sitting-room was burst wide open—roughly, violently, as if a man, not a woman, had been on the other side. (The rector drew back; Nugent remained where he was.) Wildly groping her way with outstretched arms, as I had never seen her grope it in the time of her blindness, Lucilla staggered into the room. Merciful God! the bandage was off. The life, the new life of sight, was in her eyes. It transfigured her face. It irradiated her beauty with an awful and unearthly light. She saw! she saw!

For an instant she stopped at the door, swaying to and fro; giddy under the broad stare of daylight.

She looked at the rector, then at Mrs. Finch, who had followed her husband. She paused, bewildered, and put her hands over her eyes. She slightly changed her position; turned her head, as if to look at me; turned it back sharply toward the right-hand side of the door again; and threw up her arms in the air, with a burst of hysterical laughter. The laughter ended in a scream of triumph, which rang through the house. She rushed at Nugent Dubourg, so blindly incapable of measuring her distance that she struck against him violently, and nearly threw him down. "I know him! I know him!" she cried, and flung her arms round his neck. "Oh, Oscar! Oscar!" She clasped him to her with all her strength, as the name passed her lips, and dropped her head on his bosom in an ecstasy of joy.

It was done before any of us had recovered the use of our senses. The whole horrible scene must have begun and ended in less than half a minute of time. The surgeon, who had run into the room after her, empty-handed, turned suddenly and left it again; coming back with the bandage, left forgotten in the bedroom. Grosse was the first among us to recover his presence of mind. He approached her in silence.

She heard him, before he could take her by surprise and slip the bandage over her eyes. The moment when I turned, horror-struck, to look at Oscar was also the moment when she lifted her head from Nugent's bosom to look for the surgeon. Her eyes followed the direction taken by mine. They encountered Oscar's face. She saw the blue-black hue of it in full light.

A cry of terror escaped her: she started back, shuddering, and caught hold of Nugent's arm. Grosse motioned sternly to him to turn her face from the window, and lifted the bandage. She clutched at it with feverish eagerness as he held it up. "Put it on again!" she said, holding by Nugent with one hand, and lifting the other to point toward Oscar with a gesture of disgust. "Put it on again. I have seen too much already."

Grosse fastened the bandage over her eyes,

and waited a little. She still held Nugent's arm. The sting of my indignation as I saw it roused me into doing something. I stepped forward to part them. Grosse stopped me. "No!" he said. "Don't make bad worse." I looked at Oscar for the second time. There he stood, as he had stood from the first moment when she appeared at the door—his eyes staring wildly straight before him; his limbs set and fixed. I went to him and touched him. He seemed not to feel it. I spoke to him. I might as well have spoken to a man of stone.

Herr Grosse's voice drew my attention, for a moment, the other way.

"Come!" he said, trying to take Lucilla back into her own room.

She shook her head, and tightened her hold on Nugent's arm.

"*You* take me," she whispered, "as far as the door."

I again attempted to stop it, and again the German put me back.

"Not to-day!" he said, sternly. With that he made a sign to Nugent, and placed himself on Lucilla's other side. In silence the two men led her out of the room. The door closed on them. It was over.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

THE BROTHERS MEET.

A faint sound of crying found its way to my ears from the lower end of the room, and reminded me that the rector and his wife had been present among us. Feeble Mrs. Finch was lying back in her chair, weeping and wailing over what had happened. Her husband, with the baby in his arms, was trying to compose her. I ought, perhaps, to have offered my help; but, I own, poor Mrs. Finch's distress produced only a passing impression on me. My whole heart was with another person. I forgot the rector and his wife, and went back to Oscar.

This time he moved—he lifted his head when he saw me. Shall I ever forget the silent misery in that face, the dull, dreadful stare in those tearless eyes?

I took his hand. I felt for the poor, disfigured, rejected man as his mother might have felt for him. I gave him a mother's kiss. "Be comforted, Oscar," I said. "Trust me to set this right."

He drew a long, trembling breath, and pressed my hand gratefully. I attempted to speak to him again—he stopped me by looking suddenly toward the door.

"Is Nugent outside?" he asked, in a whisper.

I went into the corridor. It was empty. I looked into Lucilla's room. She and Grosse and the nurse were the only persons in it. I beckoned to Zillah to come out and speak to me. I asked for Nugent. He had left Lucilla abruptly at the bedroom door—he was out of the house. I inquired if it was known in what direction he had gone. Zillah had seen him in the field at the end of the garden, walking away rapidly, with his back to the village, and his face to the hills.

"Nugent has gone," I said, returning to Oscar.

"Add to your kindness to me," he answered. "Let *me* go too."

A quick fear crossed my mind that he might be bent on following his brother.

"Wait a little," I said, "and rest here."

He shook his head.

"I must be by myself," he said. After considering a little, he added a question. "Has Nugent gone to Browndown?"

"No. Nugent has been seen walking toward the hills."

He took my hand again. "Be merciful to me," he said. "Let me go."

"Home? To Browndown?"

"Yes."

"Let me go with you."

He shook his head. "Forgive me. You shall hear from me later in the day."

No tears; no flaming up of the quick temper that I knew so well! Nothing in his face, nothing in his voice, nothing in his manner, but a composure miserable to see—the composure of despair.

"At least let me accompany you to the gate," I said.

"God bless and reward you!" he answered. "Let me go."

With a gentle hand, and yet with a firmness which took me completely by surprise, he separated himself from me, and went out.

I could stand no longer—I dropped trembling into a chair. The conviction forced itself on me that there were worse complications, direr misfortunes, still to come. I was almost beside myself. I broke out vehemently with wild words spoken in my own language. Mrs. Finch recalled me to my senses. I saw her as in a dream, drying her tears, and looking at me in alarm. The rector approached, with profuse expressions of sympathy and offers of assistance. I wanted no comforting. I had served a hard apprenticeship to life; I had been well seasoned to trouble. "Thank you, Sir," I said. "Look to Mrs. Finch." There was more air in the corridor. I went out again, to walk about, and get the better of it there.

A small object attracted my attention, crouched up on one of the window-seats. The small object was Jicks.

I suppose the child's instinct must have told her that something had gone wrong. She looked furtively sideways at me round her doll: she had grave doubts of my intentions toward her. "Are you going to whack Jicks?" asked the curious little creature, shrinking into her corner. I sat down by her, and soon recovered my place in her confidence. She began to chatter again as fast as usual. I listened to her as I could have listened to no grown-up person at that moment. In some mysterious way that I can not explain the child comforted me. Little by little I learned what she had wanted with me when she had attempted to drag me out of the room. She had seen all that had passed in the bedchamber; and she had run out to take me back with her, and show me the wonderful sight of Lucilla with the bandage off her eyes. If I had been wise enough to listen to Jicks, I might have prevented the catastrophe that had happened. I might have met Lucilla in the corridor, and have forced her back into her own room and turned the key on her.

It was too late now to regret what had happened. "Jicks has been good," I said, patting my little friend on the head, with a heavy heart. The child listened, considered with herself gravely, got off the window-seat, and claimed her reward for being good, with that excellent brevity of speech which so eminently distinguished her: "Jicks will go out."

With those words, she shouldered her doll and walked off. The last I saw of her she was descending the stairs, as a workman descends a ladder, on her way to the garden—and from the garden (the first time the gate was opened) to the hills. If I could have gone out with her light heart, I would have joined Jicks.

I had hardly lost sight of the child before the door of Lucilla's room opened, and Herr Grosse appeared in the corridor.

"Soh!" he muttered, with a gesture of relief, "the very womans I was looking for. A nice mess-fix we are in now! I must stop with Feench. (I shall end in hating Feench!) Can you put me into a beds for the night?"

I assured him that he could easily sleep at the rectory. In answer to my inquiries after his patient, he gravely acknowledged that he was anxious about Lucilla. The varying and violent emotions which had shaken her (acting through her nervous system) might produce results which would imperil the recovery of her sight. Absolute repose was not simply necessary—it was now the only chance for her. For the next four-and-twenty hours he must keep watch over her eyes. At the end of that time—no earlier—he might be able to say whether the mischief done would be fatal to her sight or not. I asked how she had contrived to get her bandage off, and to make her fatal entrance into the sitting-room.

He shrugged his shoulders. "There are times," he said, cynically, "when every womans is a hussy, and every mans is a fool. This was one of the times."

It appeared, on further explanation, that my poor Lucilla had pleaded so earnestly (after the nurse had left the room) to be allowed to try her eyes, and had shown such ungovernable disappointment when he persisted in saying No, that he had yielded—not so much to her entreaties as to his own conviction that it would be less dangerous to humor her than to thwart her, with such a sensitive and irritable temperament as hers. He had first bargained, however, on his side, that she should remain in the bedchamber, and be content, for that time, with using her sight on the objects round her in the room. She had promised all that he asked—and he had been foolish enough to trust to her promise. The bandage once off, she had instantly set every consideration at defiance, had torn herself out of his hands like a mad creature, and had rushed into the sitting-room before he could stop her. The rest had followed as a matter of course. Feeble as it was at the first trial of it, her sense of sight was sufficiently restored to enable her to distinguish objects dimly. Of the three persons who had offered themselves to view on the right-hand side of the door, one (Mrs. Finch) was a woman; another (Mr. Finch) was a short, gray-headed, elderly man; the third (Nugent), in his height—which she could see—and in the color of his hair—which she could see—was the only one of the three who could possibly represent Oscar. The catastrophe that followed was (as things were) inevitable. Now that the harm was done, the one alternative left was to check the mischief at the point which it had already reached. Not the slightest hint at the terrible mistake that she had made must be suffered to reach her ears. If we any of us said one word about it, before he authorized us to do so, he would refuse to answer for the consequences, and would then and there throw up the case.

So, in his broken English, Herr Grosse explained what had happened, and issued his directions for our future conduct.

"No person is to go in to her," he said, in conclusion, "but you and goot Mrs. Zillahs. You two watch her, turn-about-turn-about. In a whiles she will sleep. For me, I go to smoke my tobaccos in the garden. Hear this, Madame Pratolungo. When Gott made the womens, he was sorry afterward for the poor mens—and he made tobaccos to comfort them."

Favoring me with this peculiar view of the scheme of creation, Herr Grosse shook his shock head, and waddled away to the garden.

I softly opened the bedroom door and looked in—disappearing just in time to escape the rector and Mrs. Finch returning to their own side of the house.

Lucilla was lying on the sofa. She asked who it was in a drowsy voice—she was happily just sinking into slumber. Zillah occupied a chair near her. I was not wanted for the moment—and I was glad, for the first time in my experience at Dimchurch, to get out of the room again. By some contradiction in my character, which I am not able to explain, there was a certain hostile influence in the sympathy that I felt for Oscar, which estranged me, for the moment, from Lucilla. It was not her fault—and yet (I am ashamed to own it) I almost felt angry with her for reposing so comfortably, when I thought of the poor fellow, without a creature to say a kind word to him, alone at Browndown.

Out again in the corridor the question faced me: What was I to do next?

The loneliness of the house was insupportable; my anxiety about Oscar grew more than I could endure. I put on my hat, and went out.

Having no desire to interfere with Herr Grosse's enjoyment of his pipe, I made my way through the garden as quickly as possible, and found myself in the village again. My uneasiness on the subject of Oscar was matched by my angry desire to know what Nugent would do. Now that he had worked the very mischief which his brother had foreseen to be possible—the very mischief which it had been Oscar's one object to prevent in asking him to leave Dimchurch—would he take his departure? would he rid us, at once and forever, of the sight of him? The bare idea of the other alternative—I mean, of his remaining in the place—shook me with such an unutterable dread of what might happen next that my feet refused to support me. I was obliged, just beyond the village, to sit down by the road-side, and wait till my giddy head steadied itself before I attempted to move again.

After a minute or two I heard footsteps coming along the road. My heart gave one great leap in me. I thought it was Nugent.

A moment more brought the person in view. It was only Mr. Gootheridge, of the village inn, on his way home. He stopped and took off his hat.

"Tired, ma'am?" he said.

The uppermost idea in my mind found its way somehow, ill as I was, to expression on my lips—in the form of a question addressed to the landlord.

"Do you happen to have seen any thing of Mr. Nugent Dubourg?" I asked.

"I saw him not five minutes since, ma'am."

"Where?"

"Going into Browndown."

I started up as if I had been struck or shot. Worthy Mr. Gootheridge stared. I wished him good-day, and went on as fast as my feet would take me, straight to Browndown. Had the brothers met in the house? I turned cold at the bare thought of it—but I still kept on. There was an obstinate resolution in me to part them, which served me in place of courage. Account for it as you may, I was bold and frightened both at the same time. At one moment I was fool enough to say to myself, "They will kill me." At another, just as foolishly, I found comfort in the opposite view. "Bah! They are gentlemen; they can't hurt a woman!"

The servant was standing idling at the front-door when I arrived in sight of the house. This, in itself, was unusual. He was a hard-working, well-trained man. On other occasions nobody had ever seen him out of his proper place. He advanced a few steps to meet me. I looked at him carefully. Not the slightest appearance of disturbance was visible in his face.

"Is Mr. Oscar at home?" I asked.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. Mr. Oscar is at home—but you can't see him. He and Mr. Nugent are together."

I rested my hand on the low wall in front of the house, and made a desperate effort to put a calm face on it.

"Surely Mr. Oscar will see *me*?" I said.

"I have Mr. Oscar's orders, ma'am, to wait at the door, and tell every body who comes to the house (without exception) that he is engaged."

The house door was half open. I listened intently while the man was speaking. If they had been at high words together, I must have heard them, in the silence of the lonely hills all round us. I heard nothing.

It was strange, it was inconceivable. At the same time it relieved me. There they were together, and no harm had come of it so far.

I left my card, and walked on a little past the corner of the house wall. As soon as I was out of the servant's sight, I turned back to the side of the building, and ventured as near as I durst to the window of the sitting-room. Their voices reached me, but not their words. On both sides the tones were low and confidential. Not a note of anger in either voice—listen for it as I might! I left the house again, breathless with amazement, and (so rapidly does a woman shift from one emotion to another) burning with curiosity.

After half an hour of aimless wandering in the valley, I returned to the rectory.

Lucilla was still sleeping. I took Zillah's place, and sent her into the kitchen. The landlady of the inn was there to help us with the dinner. But she was hardly equal, single-handed, to the superintendence of such dishes as we had to set before Herr Grosse. It was high time I relieved Zillah, if we were to pass successfully through the ordeal of the great surgeon's criticism as reviewer of all the sauces.

An hour more passed before Lucilla woke. I sent a messenger to Grosse, who appeared enveloped in a halo of tobacco, examined the patient's eyes, felt her pulse, ordered her wine and jelly, filled his monstrous pipe, and gruffly returned to his promenade in the garden.

The day wore on. Mr. Finch came to make inquiries, and then went back to his wife—whom he described as "hysterically irresponsible," and in imminent need of another warm bath. He declined, in his most pathetic manner, to meet the German at dinner. "After what I have suffered, after what I have seen, these banquetings—I would say, these ticklings of the palate—are not to my taste. You mean well, Madame Pratolungo. (Good creature!) But I am not in heart for feasting. Simple fare, by my wife's couch; a few consoling words, in the character of pastor and husband, when the infant is quiet. So my day is laid out. I wish you well. I don't object to your little dinner. Good-day! good-day!"

A second examination of Lucilla's eyes brought us to the dinner hour.

At the sight of the table-cloth Herr Grosse's good humor returned. We two dined together alone—the German sending in selections of his own making from the dishes to Lucilla's room. So far, he said, she had escaped any serious injury. But he still insisted on keeping his patient perfectly quiet, and he refused to answer for any thing until the night had passed. As for me, Oscar's continued silence weighed more and more heavily on my spirits. My past suspense in the darkened room with Lucilla seemed to be a mere trifle by comparison with the keener anxieties which I suffered now. I saw Grosse's eyes glaring discontentedly at me through his spectacles. He had good reason to look at me as he did: I had never before been so stupid and so disagreeable in all my life.

Toward the end of the dinner there came news from Browndown at last. The servant sent in a message by Zillah, begging me to see him for a moment outside the sitting-room door.

I made my excuses to my guest, and hurried out.

The instant I saw the servant's face my heart sank. Oscar's kindness had attached the man devotedly to his master. I saw his lips tremble, and his color come and go, when I looked at him.

"I have brought you a letter, ma'am."

He handed me a letter addressed to me in Oscar's handwriting.

"How is your master?" I asked.

"Not very well, ma'am, when I saw him last."

"When you saw him last?"

"I bring sad news, ma'am. There's a break-up at Browndown."

"What do you mean? Where is Mr. Oscar?"

"Mr. Oscar has left Dimchurch."

THE ORIGINAL SHYLOCK.

A correspondent of the *Jewish Chronicle* calls attention to the fact that the original of Shakspeare's Shylock was a Christian, and not a Jew. He quotes from the 11th book of Gregorio Leti's Biography of Sixtus V. in proof of this. A Roman merchant, named Sechi, heard that Admiral Francis Blake had conquered San Domingo, and communicated the news to a Jewish merchant named Ceneda. The latter was so confident in the falseness of the news that, after repeated protestations, he said, "I bet a pound of my flesh that the report is untrue." "And I lay a thousand scudi against it," rejoined the Christian, who caused a bond to be drawn up to the effect that in case the report should prove untrue, then the Christian merchant, Signor Paul M. Sechi, is bound to pay the Jewish merchant the sum of 1000 scudi; and, on the other hand, if the truth of this news be confirmed, the Christian merchant, Signor Paul M. Sechi, is justified and empowered to cut with his own hands, with a well-sharpened knife, a pound of the Jew's fair flesh, of that part of the body it might please him. When the news proved true, the Christian insisted on his bond; but the governor, having got wind of the affair, reported it to the pope, who condemned both Jew and Christian to the galleys, from which they could only be ransomed by paying a fine of 2000 scudi to the hospital of Sixtine Bridge.

THE KITE-CARRIAGE.

Kites afford the most striking evidence of the elevating power resulting from the swift motion of an inclined plane through the air, the fact being remembered always that, whatever supporting and elevating power is obtained when air moves horizontally with a certain velocity against an inclined plane, precisely the same supporting and elevating power will be obtained when the inclined plane is drawn or propelled horizontally with equal velocity through still air. The following passages from the "History of the Char-volant," or kite-carriage, bear significantly on the subject. The kite employed in the first experiments (made early in the present century) had a surface of fifty-five square feet. "Nor was less progress made in the experimental department when large weights were required to be raised or transposed. While on this subject, we must not omit to observe that the first person who soared aloft in the air by this invention was a lady, whose courage would not be denied this test of its strength. An arm-chair was brought on the ground, then, lowering the cordage of the kite by slackening the lower brace, the chair was firmly lashed to the main line, and the lady took her seat. The main brace being hauled taut, the huge buoyant sail rose aloft with its fair burden, continuing to ascend to the height of a hundred yards. On descending, she expressed herself much pleased with the easy motion of the kite, and the delightful prospect she had enjoyed. Soon after this another experiment of a similar nature took place, when the inventor's son successfully carried out a design not less safe than bold—that of scaling by this powerful aerial machine the brow of a cliff two hundred feet in perpendicular height. Here, after safely landing, he again took his seat in a chair expressly prepared for the purpose, and, detaching the swivel line which kept it at its elevation, glided gently down the cordage to the hand of the director. The buoyant sail employed on this occasion was thirty feet in height, and had a proportionate spread of canvas. The rise of the machine was most majestic, and nothing could surpass the steadiness with which it was manœuvred, the certainty with which it answered the action of the braces, and the ease with which its power was lessened or increased......Subsequently to this, an experiment of a very bold and novel character was made upon an extensive down, where a wagon with a considerable load was drawn along, while this huge machine at the same time carried an observer aloft in the air, realizing almost the romance of flying."

DU CHAILLU AND KING QUENGUEZA.

PHOTOGRAPHING GORILLAS.

THE LAND OF THE DWARFS.

BY ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

"IN the month of July, 1863, if you had been in London, you might have seen, in St. Catharine's Dock, a schooner called the *Mentor*, a little vessel of less than 100 tons measurement; and if you had gone on board, you would have seen Paul du Chaillu busily superintending the taking of the cargo, and getting all things in readiness for the voyage. Captain Vardon was the commander of the vessel. Paul du Chaillu had an anxious look, for he was about to undertake a journey of explorations of about five years' duration, and had to think of many things. What an outfit it was! I will give you some idea of it."

Thus does Paul begin the book, of some leading features of which we propose to furnish a summary. The list of the outfit is a long one. We shall only mention a few of the principal articles.

There were 72 pairs of Balmoral lace-boots, 24 pairs of shoes, 12 pairs of linen slippers, 12 pairs of leggings, 72 pairs of socks, 72 pairs of pantaloons of strong blue twill, 24 linen blouses, shirts (number not stated) of light-colored flannel, several dozen pocket-handkerchiefs. "No collars or neck-ties were necessary." Then came the medicines. "If," says Paul, "it had been only to take medicines for myself, the matter would have been simple enough; but I had to think of my followers and porters. Accordingly I purchased 75 ounces of quinine, 10 gallons of castor-oil, 50 pounds of Epsom salts, 2 quarts of laudanum. These were the medicines which would be most needed; but, besides these, I had pretty nearly all the drugs to be found at the apothecary's." There were 100 pounds of arsenic, to be used for preserving the skins of birds and animals. By way of arms, there were a double-barreled breech-loading rifle, throwing a two-ounce steel-pointed bullet, 12 muzzle-loading rifles and muskets, besides revolvers and big hunting-knives. "These," says Paul, "were for my own special use. Besides them, I took 250 cheap guns for my body-guard, and for presents to native kings." The ammunition comprised 15,000 cartridges for revolvers, 15,000 bullets for guns and rifles, and lead for 20,000 more, 1000 pounds of small shot, 50,000 percussion caps, 400 pounds of fine powder, and 2000 pounds of coarse powder. The scientific apparatus was very complete. In the list are found watches, sextants, telescopes, thermometers, compasses, rain-gauges, artificial horizons, an electro-magnetic machine, and last, but by no means least, "18 boxes containing photographic apparatus, with tent and chemicals for 10,000 photographs, the transportation of which alone would require twenty men."

These by no means formed the whole of the cargo. For among what may be styled merchandise there is mention of 5000 pounds of beads, several hundred pieces of cotton goods, pieces of silk, coats, waistcoats, shirts, 2000 red caps, umbrellas, hats, files, knives, forks, spoons, bells, looking-glasses, ear-rings, clocks, musical-boxes, etc., etc. Heavy goods also were not wanting. Among the presents given at one time to a native king are mentioned 100 iron bars 6 feet long, 50 copper plates 24 inches in diameter, 50 iron pots, 50 small brass kettles, 50 pine chests, and many other articles.

Du Chaillu's purpose, which, however, he confided to no one, was "to cross the continent of Africa near the equator from the west to the head waters of the Nile," and then to descend that river to its mouth. How far short he fell of accomplishing this, and why he was turned back, his narrative fully shows. He undertook the expedition wholly upon his own account. He says: "The abundant results of the sale of my 'Adventures in Equatorial Africa,' and the proceeds arising from the disposal of my gorillas and my collection of beasts, birds, insects, and shells, alone enabled me to undertake this new expedition; for not one dollar has ever been given by any scientific society to help me in any of my explorations; but I was very happy in expending a part of my means in the interest of science, and for the enlargement of our knowledge of unknown countries. Years had passed away since I had first gone to Africa; my parents were both dead, I was alone in the world, the world was before me, and I thought I could do no better than make another exploration. I only wish I could have done more; really I think I did the best I could."

HUTS OF THE DWARFS.

A very natural and proper question will occur to every reader of this narrative: "Is it true, or a mere work of fancy?" The writer of this paper has the best reasons for full confidence that this and all the other narratives by Paul du Chaillu are absolutely and entirely true. I became acquainted with Du Chaillu when, in 1859, he returned to America, bringing with him that great collection of objects from Equatorial Africa, many of which were subsequently purchased by the British Museum. For months, during which Du Chaillu was engaged in the preparation of his first book, "Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa," I saw him and his collection daily. This book was, indeed, fiercely assailed by English critics, but they all came signally to grief; for, as it happened, on the very points where his veracity was most sharply called in question, he was able to demonstrate the truthfulness of his statements. As to the narration given in this work of the second expedition in 1863–66, the evidence is equally satisfactory. Many of the objects collected have found place in the British Museum. Professor Owen, the highest living authority on such subjects, says: "The pains and skill which M. Du Chaillu has devoted, under the most difficult and trying circumstances, to obtain from the scenes of his explorations in Western Equatorial Africa materials for the advancement of natural history, have earned for him the respect and gratitude of every genuine lover and student of science for its own sake." In short, upon every point where confirmation of the truth of his account could, from the nature of the case, be given, Du Chaillu is abundantly confirmed; and I am confident that among the thousands of men in America and Europe who have known him for more than ten years, there is not one who does not place full credence in his perfect truthfulness.

I proceed to give some of the leading incidents of Du Chaillu's journey to the Land of the Dwarfs; and as I shall mainly use his own words, though with much abridgment, I put all in the first person, as though it were written by himself.

CAPTURE OF THE IPI.

We sailed from London on the 5th of August, 1863. By the end of the month we were not far from the Tropic of Cancer. On the 7th of October the captain said that on the following day we should come in sight of land on the African shore. On the next morning I heard from the maintop the cry of "Land! land!" Two hours afterward, from the deck, I could discover the low lands of the Commi country. Nearer and nearer the coast we came, until we could see the white surf breaking with terrific force on the shore, and hear the booming sound of the angry waves as they dashed against the breakers. No canoes could ride through the surf, so no natives could come on board. In the evening we stood off the land and shortened sail, and afterward we cast anchor. The next morning we sailed again in a southerly direction, and at last we saw a canoe pass through the breakers. It came alongside, and the negroes shouted, in English, "Put down the anchor! Plenty of ivory; plenty of every thing. Load the ship in a fortnight!"

We had passed the river Fernando Vaz, having sailed too far south. The mouth of the river is very difficult to discover, being discernible only by the white surf combing over its bar, and by large flocks of fish-eating birds hovering in the air above it, and by a long white sandy point, forming the extremity of the land on the left bank.

As we approached the river two canoes left the shore and made for the vessel. In the first I recognized my friend Adjouatonga, whose villages occupied the mouth of the river. He

climbed up the vessel's side, and went to shake hands with the captain, and then advanced upon me to do the same. I had not said a word, but upon my raising my hat, he recognized me, and cried out in his own language, "Are you Chally, or his spirit? for we heard that you were dead." I said, "I am Chally, your friend." The good fellow embraced me in a transport of joy. Four years had nearly gone by since I had left the Commi country. As the second canoe came nearer, I ordered Adjouatonga not to say a word. My heart leaped with joy, for in it were my own people from the good old African home of mine. Sholomba, the nephew of King Rampano, was there, my boy Macondai, and all my former canoe-men. In a moment they were all on deck, and a wild shout of joy came from them: "Our white man has come back! Chally! Chally!" I was seized and almost pulled to pieces, for they all wanted to hug me at the same time.

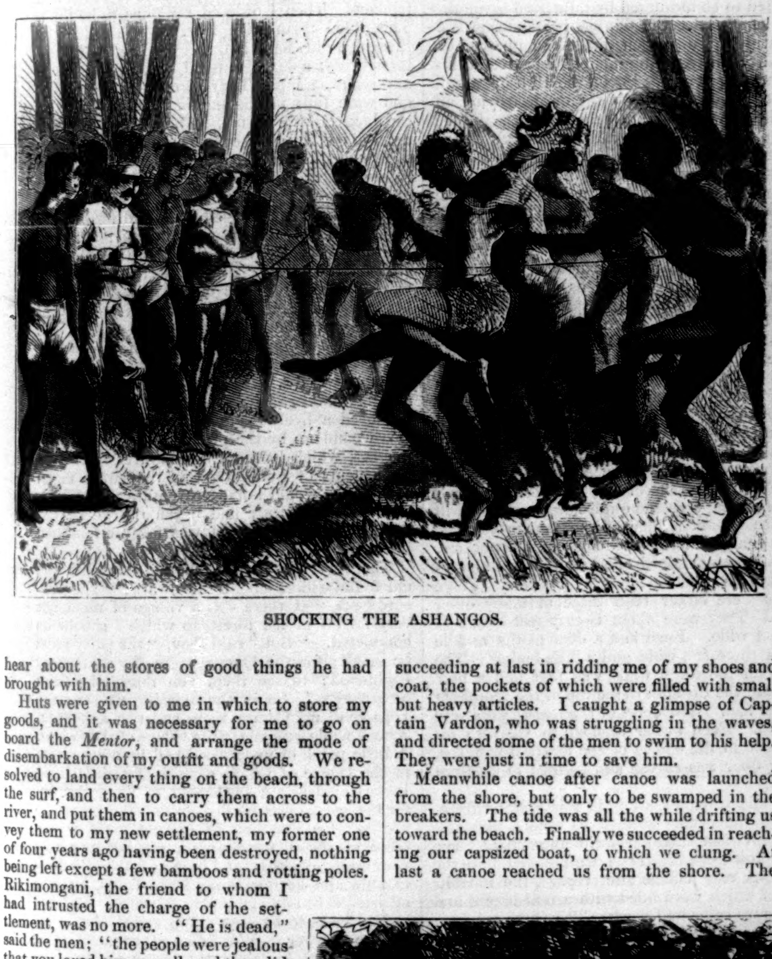
When we had come back to our senses, the next subject to be considered was how I was to get ashore. It was now the beginning of the rainy season, when the winds are less violent than in the dry season; but the surf had not subsided from the agitation of the heavy south winds of the dry season. The anchor was cast, and I left the *Mentor* in Adjouatonga's canoe. We approached the rollers, rested outside for a while, and then, at the proper moment, the frail canoe rose upon the huge crest of a wave, which bore us with lightning speed to the beach, where I was caught up by the natives, who were waiting for us, and carried safely to land. The news spread over the country that Chally had come back, and the people came trooping by land and water to see their old friend, and to hear about the stores of good things he had brought with him.

DINNER WITH THE DWARFS.

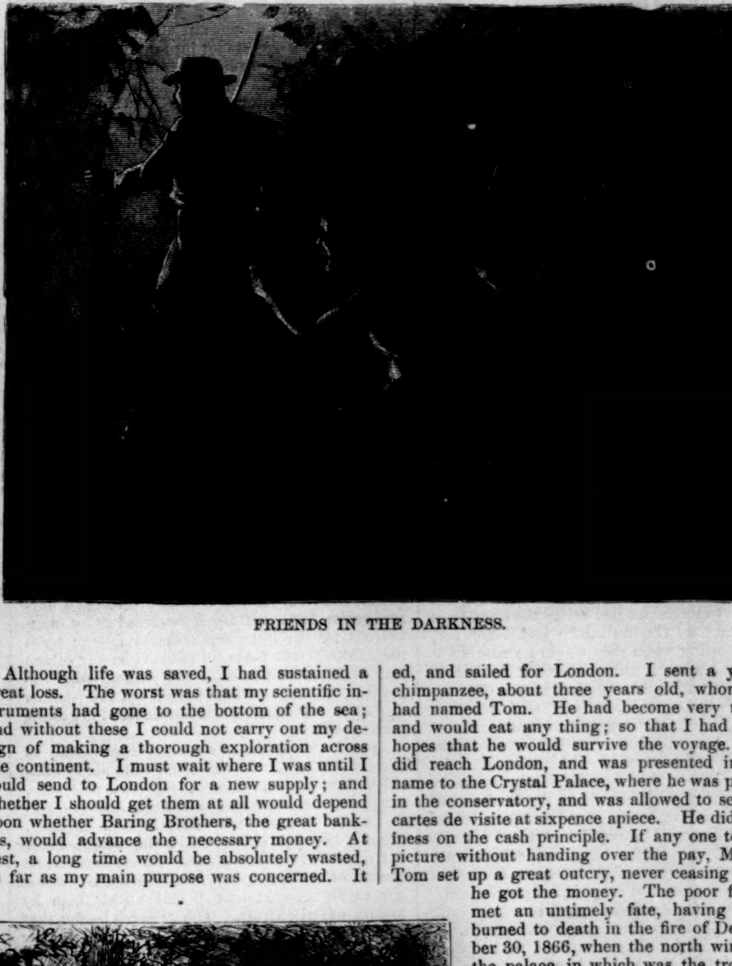
Huts were given to me in which to store my goods, and it was necessary for me to go on board the *Mentor*, and arrange the mode of disembarkation of my outfit and goods. We resolved to land every thing on the beach, through the surf, and then to carry them across to the river, and put them in canoes, which were to convey them to my new settlement, my former one of four years ago having been destroyed, nothing being left except a few bamboos and rotting poles. Rikimongani, the friend to whom I had intrusted the charge of the settlement, was no more. "He is dead," said the men; "the people were jealous that you loved him so well, and they did not want him to see you again, and they bewitched him. He fell ill and died. He used to say, 'One day we shall see a white sail, and Chally will be on board, and he will land, and come to see us again.'"

On the 14th of October I went to the schooner, and slept on board. The next morning three canoes came alongside to take off the cargo. My most precious things were lowered into the canoes, and Captain Vardon concluded to go on shore with me. The first two canoes went safely through the surf. The third, in which I had embarked, was less fortunate. In this canoe were sixteen oarsmen, the finest on the Commi coast, every man of whom could swim like a fish. We watched the heavy rollers as they came in. Usually there are six of them, after which comes a lull. We waited for this; then the oarsmen gave way with a will, and we rose on what seemed a gentle swell, which, surging higher and higher, began to form a crest, dashing us upon a great wave. The steering paddle was rendered useless, and the canoe, half filled with water, lay at the mercy of the next wave. This struck us broadside on, upsetting the canoe, and hurling us into the sea. When I rose to the surface, I was forty feet from the canoe, and the men were scattered far and wide in the foaming billows. The faithful negroes swam toward me, shouting, "To our ntangani" (white man). I felt myself sinking, and in another minute all would have been over with me. The crew swam around me, held me up until another wave would strike and scatter us. Back they swam, again and again, succeeding at last in ridding me of my shoes and coat, the pockets of which were filled with small but heavy articles. I caught a glimpse of Captain Vardon, who was struggling in the waves, and directed some of the men to swim to his help. They were just in time to save him.

Meanwhile canoe after canoe was launched from the shore, but only to be swamped in the breakers. The tide was all the while drifting us toward the beach. Finally we succeeded in reaching our capsized boat, to which we clung. At last a canoe reached us from the shore. The crew jumped overboard, giving us their places, while they swam alongside to keep it steady. When we neared the shore the natives dashed into the water, seized me in their arms, and bore me to the land, shouting, "The sea wanted to eat our white man!" I was partly stunned, and had swallowed a great deal of salt-water. Captain Vardon had a narrow escape: he was just sinking when my good boys clinched him.



SHOCKING THE ASHANGOS.



FRIENDS IN THE DARKNESS.

Although life was saved, I had sustained a great loss. The worst was that my scientific instruments had gone to the bottom of the sea; and without these I could not carry out my design of making a thorough exploration across the continent. I must wait where I was until I could send to London for a new supply; and whether I should get them at all would depend upon whether Baring Brothers, the great bankers, would advance the necessary money. At best, a long time would be absolutely wasted, as far as my main purpose was concerned. It was, in fact, about nine months before the supplies reached me. How this time was spent is told in my book, "The Land of the Dwarfs." Only a few incidents will here be noted.

In a couple of days the surf subsided so that canoes could reach the *Mentor*. After four days' hard work the whole cargo was safely landed. There were in all seventy loads. The goods were safely carried to the spot where my new settlement was to be established. Among them were articles for presents to my old friend King Quengueza. There was a gorgeous blue coat—almost a gown—lined with red, and having a yellow fringe; a splendid plush waistcoat, with big brass buttons. There were no pantaloons, for his majesty could never see the use of this article. There was also a long cane with a huge gilt head. But when I produced a flat opera-hat, and by touching the springs threw it up into a tall stove-pipe hat, the astonishment of the king knew no bounds; and he surveyed himself in a looking-glass with intense admiration. I can only mention a few of the more solid presents. There were 100 pieces of calico, 6 pieces of silk, 300 pounds of beads, 200 pairs of ear-rings, 100 bars of iron six feet long, 50 copper plates two feet in diameter, 50 small brass kettles, 50 iron pots, 50 guns, 50 kegs of powder, and so on. There were also 50 pine chests; and these were the delight of Quengueza, for the wealth of an African king is estimated by the number of his chests, which are always presumed to be filled with goods.

In four weeks my new settlement was built, to which I gave the name of Plateau, on account of the flatness of the surrounding country. On the 18th of January, 1864, the *Mentor* had loaded, and sailed for London. I sent a young chimpanzee, about three years old, whom we had named Tom. He had become very tame, and would eat any thing; so that I had good hopes that he would survive the voyage. He did reach London, and was presented in my name to the Crystal Palace, where he was placed in the conservatory, and was allowed to sell his cartes de visite at sixpence apiece. He did business on the cash principle. If any one took a picture without handing over the pay, Master Tom set up a great outcry, never ceasing until he got the money. The poor fellow met an untimely fate, having been burned to death in the fire of December 30, 1866, when the north wing of the palace, in which was the tropical department, was consumed.

Among my hunting excursions was one in search of an animal which the natives call the ipi. The creature is very rare, and I had never seen one. I had been shown a large yellow scale, which formed part of a "monda," or fetich, and which, I was told, had come from an ipi. From this, and from descriptions of the animal, I perceived that it belonged to the family of pangolins, or ant-eaters. Day after day we hunted, but saw no traces of an ipi. At last one of my men gave a cluck, and pointed to a long, hollow tree lying on the ground, with a strange-looking track leading to it, and whispered in my ear the word "Ipi." The footprints all led to the tree. Running to the other end, I saw that there was no track there. And as I knew that the hollow was not large enough for it to turn round, I was sure that the ipi must be within. We cut down a small tree, to which we attached a flexible creeper, with a noose at the end. This was set at the farther end of the hollow trunk, and bent over so as to form a snare. Then we kindled a fire at the other end of the log, to smoke the creature out. As we expected, it made for the exit, and

THE FIGHT WITH ASHANGOS.

was caught, dangling, in the snare. It was a female, and measured four feet and a half in length, from nose to tail. The males are said to be much larger. It proved to be an entirely new species, to which the name of *Pholitidus africanus* has been given. It was stout and heavy, the tail being short in comparison with the body. The scales are very thick, and overhanging each other, like slates on the roof of a house. Its armor is so rigid that it can not bend its body sideways. It therefore makes its burrow with two entrances, and must always enter by one and leave by the other. But as the belly has no scales, the animal can roll itself up into a ball, the head being in the centre. Its food consists of ants, which it catches one by one with its long, prehensile tongue, which it can shoot out several inches. I had a curiosity to know how the ipi tasted, and had some of it for breakfast. It was good eating, though rather lean. The natives say that at some seasons it becomes very fat.

As the months passed on I was able to enlarge my acquaintance with the gorilla. In June I came upon a group of four old ones and a young one. They were in a clump of plantain-trees. They would pull down one of these, and devour the soft, juicy heart. Sometimes they would take only a single bite, and then leave it, much as a boy in walking through an orchard will take one bite from an apple, and then throw it away. A while afterward, on returning to Plateau, I was surprised by the present of a live gorilla, which some natives had captured. He was the largest one ever taken alive. He showed a most diabolical temper, and to bite somebody seemed to be the object of his existence. A few days after there was a great commotion in front of my hut. On going out I saw a huge female gorilla, bound hand and foot, alive, but fearfully wounded. She had at her breast a young female cub. Near her was a young male, a fierce-looking fellow. Next morning I succeeded in taking a photograph of the mother with her young one in her arms. But as for Tom, the young male, I could not get a good picture of him. The mother died that night. Her death was painfully like that of a human being, and her child clung to her to the last, and even tried to obtain milk after she was dead. The little one survived only four days. She would not take goat's milk, which was all I had to offer her. She died gently; her legs and arms were wasted almost to nothing, and her ribs could be counted.

I hoped to preserve Tom, for he was old enough to eat berries and nuts. He throve well; and late in August, when a vessel was leaving for London, I put him on board as a passenger, giving the captain an order upon Baring Brothers for £100 for his passage, if delivered alive. I put on board a great supply of bananas, sugar-cane, and other food. These lasted for three weeks; when they were gone, pies, puddings, rice, and crackers were all tried in vain. He would not eat a mouthful, and in four days died of absolute starvation, and to the day of his death was as ugly as when he was captured. So ended the first, and, I believe, the last experiment at sending a live gorilla to Europe. His conduct, compared with that of his namesake, the chimpanzee, evinces the difference between the natures of these two species of animals, which are apparently so much alike.

On the 30th of June, while returning from an expedition, I saw a canoe coming up the river. It brought me letters from Baring Brothers, who had forwarded me all I wanted. These great bankers and merchants had taken the trouble to send to Paul du Chaillu all he had asked for, without knowing when they would be repaid.

Two days after a native entered my hut in great consternation, saying that a smoking vessel with ten guns was in the river, and they feared it had come to make war. Soon the steamer *Leviathan* came puffing up. It was not, however, the monstrous vessel which we know by that name, but a flat-bottomed little steamer, forty feet long, originally built for a pleasure-boat on the Seine, which had been sent out to explore the rivers of Equatorial Africa. The ten guns existed only in the imagination of the natives. I am sorry to add that the *Leviathan* soon after foundered in a squall at the Gaboon.

Some further time was spent in completing the preparations for my great expedition. I summoned all the Commi chiefs to a grand palaver. I told them that I was about to set out toward where the sun rose, and I wanted men to go with me. We should go through a hundred tribes; cross rivers and mountains; the journey would be a long one; there might be hunger and peril; but at the end those who survived would find coats and hats, shirts and beads, and all the guns and powder they wanted, and then a vessel would be sent to bring them back. I wanted twenty-five men to go with me, but I wished no one to go by force—sent by their chiefs—but only brave men with strong hearts, who would not grumble when they were pinched for food. Great excitement prevailed for many days. The chiefs said, "We will not forbid any one to go with you. You have talked to us right; you have told us no lies. If a man comes back, he will come back rich." Many of the young men wanted to go with me, but their families objected. Those who finally agreed to go were fewer than I wanted. There was Igala, a warrior of great repute, a famous hunter and fetich-man; Rebouka, a big, strapping fellow, a good fighter, but an enormous eater; Igalo, a tall young man, full of spirit and dash; Macondai, my good boy, whom I had almost brought up—he was the only shore-boy whom Quengueza had allowed to be with me in the Bakalai country in my previous visit; Mouichi, a stout negro, with thick lips, big nose, and a face almost as flat as that of a gorilla; he had been a slave, but had received his freedom; now he wanted to be gone five years, and see the white man's country; Rapelina, a short young fellow, as strong as an ox, but inclined to be sulky and obstinate. There were also four other slave boys, Retonda, Ngoma, Rogueri, and Igala-Yengo, who wanted to see the white man's country, and were set free by their masters—various chiefs whose friendship I had acquired.

At length, on the 2d of October, 1864, we were ready for departure, and paddled up the river. In a few days we reached Goumbi, the capital of Quengueza's dominions. The old king gave us a royal welcome. None of his free people, he said, wanted to go with me, but one of his slaves was willing to go. "I want you," he added, "to go where you like. I am an old man, but I am strong; and though forty dry and forty rainy-seasons have passed since I have been to the Ashira country, I will go there with you, and put you into the hands of my friend Olenda, the great Ashira king, and tell him to send you on."

On the 28th we left Goumbi, followed by a large number of canoes. "Good-by, Chally," shouted the people from the shore. "Come back to us, and take care of our king. We do not like him to go so far away with you, for he is old. But he loves you, and will accompany you a part of the way." At Obindji, after some delay, we were met by the Ashira men whom Olenda had sent, and we set out in their company. Quengueza made a formal speech to his men. "You must look upon Chally as your chief, and do as he bids you. If you see any where a bunch of plantains with ground-nuts by them, do not touch them: the people are on the watch to see what you will do. If the people of a village tell you to catch goats, or cut plantains for yourselves, tell them that strangers do not help themselves, that it is the duty of a host to do these things, and bring the presents to the house which has been given to the strangers. When a house has been given to you, go into no other; and if you see a seat, do not sit upon it, for there are seats where nobody but the owners may sit. And, above all things, beware of women; do not fall in love with any of them. I want you to get into no trouble."

The next day we emerged from the forest into the beautiful prairies of Ashira land, where Quengueza was warmly welcomed by his old friend Olenda, whom I had met in my former expedition. Olenda was, I think, the oldest man I ever saw; his people said that he had a powerful fetich to guard him against death; but his cheeks were sunken, his legs and arms very thin, and he had hardly strength to bear his own weight. But his sight and hearing were about as good as ever. He professed to like me very much, but he liked my goods quite as well. Once, when he seemed rather exacting about a present which I was to give him, I told him that I thought he liked me only on account of my goods. "Oh no," he replied; "I like you for yourself, but I like your goods also."

After a few days I determined to make a short trip to the north to see the great water-falls of Samba-Nagoshi, on the Rembo-Ngouyai (River Ngouyai), which I had vainly tried to reach on my former expedition. We set out on the 1st of December. I took with me only four of my faithful Commi boys; the rest of the party were Ashiras, among them being three of Olenda's grand-nephews. It took ten days to reach the falls, although the actual distance was hardly fifty miles. I was somewhat disappointed at the view of these falls. The rapids below them were grand, the river rushing furiously through a narrow gorge, the scene being rendered more magnificent by the luxuriant tropical foliage upon the banks. But the main fall was hardly fifteen feet high. I had brought my photographic apparatus, hoping to take views; but the weather was so cloudy that I could not succeed in getting a good picture.

December was far gone when I got back to Olenda's village. In the mean time some difficulties had arisen. I have elsewhere told how, four years before, I had visited the Apingi country, where I had been made a kind of king. After I had left that country the people knew not what had become of me. In the mean while several of my old Apingi friends had died, and it got to be believed that I had killed them by means of witchcraft. The "Spirit"—for that was the name by which they called me—they said, had destroyed these Apingi friends of mine. I loved my friends so much, they said, that I could not bear to part with them; and so, when I left a country, I killed my friends, and took their spirits away with me. Now the present chief of Apingi land, hearing that I had come back, sent a message to Olenda. "I do not want to see the Spirit; I do not want to follow him, as others have done, but prefer to stop at home and eat plantain; the present world is good enough for me." The Apingi messengers had left before my return. When I got back a great palaver was held, at which it was decided that I should go on through the country of the Otandos rather than through that of the Apingis.

But worse was to come. A terrible plague broke out among the Ashira people. They said it was caused by witchcraft. I soon found that it was the small-pox in its most virulent form. When it reached Olenda's village his favorite wife was the first victim. Before long half of Olenda's people were dead, and there were not well people enough to fetch food; and so famine succeeded to pestilence. I implored Quengueza to go back to his own country. For a time he refused; at length he took his departure, but not until I had succeeded in getting a good photograph of him. Thrice a gang of men had been sent to carry my baggage to the Otando country, and as many times the pestilence had swept away the greater number of them. I sent my Commi men to the neighboring villages in search of food, but they were threatened with death, and driven back by the people. One of the darkest days came just after the departure of Quengueza. My boy Retonda had died that day; Ngoma lay dying in my hut; Igala-Yengo lay sick in the next hut. Macondai and I were the only ones of our number who had escaped the plague.

Up to this time Olenda had been well. One might almost think that he had, as his people believed, a fetich which would preserve him from death. But one morning when I went to see him he complained that his head pained him, and that he was very thirsty. That day he lay down on his bed, never to get up again. For two days the fever increased, and a part of the time I was by his side. "Don't grieve, Chally," said he; "it is not your fault if I am sick; you have not made me ill." I left him at nine o'clock in the evening. Before morning, as I lay awake, I heard a cry of anguish sounding from house to house. Olenda was dead. He had passed away peacefully, as if he had gone to sleep. Before dying he had charged his people to take care of me. As many of his people as were alive came to the burial of Olenda. I followed his body to the grave. In it he was placed sitting, wearing a big coat, one of my presents to him. At his head was planted a big umbrella; at his side was placed a chest filled with the presents I had made him, together with plates, jugs, a pipe, and tobacco. A fire was kindled close by, which was to be kept burning for a long time. Food and water were also to be kept continually by his grave.

I must pass over the events of the weary days which followed. They were full of tidings of disaster. All the people who had come with Quengueza to the Ashira country were dead. Every Bakalai chief was dead. In some of their villages not a human being was left alive. My party of Commi men had been reduced from ten to seven; for Retonda had died, Rogueri had run away, after advising the Ashira to rob me, and Igala-Yengo, partially recovered, was going back, bearing letters from me. I thought the end of my explorations had come, and fully expected to be murdered by infuriated savages.

At length I succeeded in getting some porters, who, with my own men, made the number of our party thirty. No amount of pay could induce more to come. So on the 16th of March we set out, after giving away or destroying all the effects we could not take with us. There was no firing of guns as we left Olenda's village on our way to the Otando country. Here again I must omit much which I have fully detailed in my book. From the Otando region we passed into the country of the Aponos. This we started for on the 30th of May. The whole region was alive with wars and rumors of wars. At one place we found our way barricaded. Charms had been hung up to keep us off; but behind these were men armed with spears, swords, and bows and arrows. These men uttered curses against the Oguizi (spirit) who had brought the plague into their villages. "Do not come near us," they shouted; "do not try to enter our village, for there will be war." It seemed, indeed, as though a fight were imminent; but, by dint of immense palavering, we succeeded in getting on, passing from village to village, until, early in June, we were through the Apono country, and about to enter that of the Ishogos. I found myself among a people quite new to me. I will describe Igoumbié, one of the Ishogo villages, which shall serve as an example of many others. This village contained one hundred and ninety-one houses ranged along one street. These houses were larger than those of many other tribes. They were about twenty feet long and ten feet wide. Each had a door in the middle two or three feet wide, and a little higher. The height of the lower walls was four and a half feet, and the distance to the top of the roof eight or nine feet. The doors of the houses were very tasteful. Each owner seemed to vie with his neighbor in the choice of the prettiest patterns. Every door was carved and painted in different colors.

I could stay only a day in this pretty village, though the people seemed to take a liking to me, and when I left I heard them crying, "The Spirit has gone!" Then we plunged into the forest, passing village after village, the inhabitants of which were filled with astonishment and fear as we came and went. The paths led from village to village; when we came to one of these we had to go through the whole length of it. Some were perfectly deserted; in others the people had hidden themselves in their huts, and we saw none of them.

So on we passed through the great forest, until one morning when we came upon twelve strange little houses. Each of these was about as long as a man, and the height was just enough to keep the head of a man from touching the roof when he was seated. The shape of these houses was much like that of an orange cut in two. The frame-work was covered with large leaves, and there were little doors, eighteen inches high and twelve or fifteen broad. I looked at these dwellings with amazement, and asked Kombila—for this was the name of my present conductor—for what use these shelters were built.

"They are," he replied, "the houses of a small people called Obongos." "Why do you tell me such a story?" I replied. "How can people live in such places? Look at these little doors; a child must crawl on the ground to get into them." "The dwarfs have built them," said Kombila. "How can that be?" I asked; "where are the dwarfs? There are no plantain-trees around; no fires, no cooking-pots, no water-jugs." "Oh," he answered, "these Obongos are strange people. They never stay long in one place. They cook on charcoal, and drink with their hands, or with large leaves." "Then we are in the country of the dwarfs?" I queried. "Yes, we are in the country of the dwarfs. They are scattered in the forest. Their little villages are far apart. They are as wild as the antelope, and roam in the forest from place to place. They are like the beasts of the fields. They feed on serpents, rats, and mice, and on berries and nuts. Look at their huts."

I managed to crawl into one of these huts. Within were two little beds, curious-looking affairs. One was apparently for the husband, the other for the wife. Three or four sticks composed each. They were eight or ten inches wide, a little piece of wood on each bed forming the pillows. Between the two beds were the remains of a fire, with ashes and pieces of burned wood. These huts were apparently the habitations of human beings, but of a pigmy size. Had I really come upon the land of the dwarfs, whom Herodotus has described as living on the head waters of the Nile, of whom Strabo and Pomponius Mela have written, and of whose fights with the cranes Homer has sung? Could it be that I had discovered these people, spoken of thousands of years ago, just as I had come face to face with the gorilla, which Hanno had described many centuries before, but which no civilized man save myself had even pretended to have seen since his day? I could hardly believe it. "No," said I to myself; "these mean shelters have never been built by man; for the nshiego-mbouvé builds as good a house. Kombila tells me a story. These houses are built for a certain purpose, and he does not want to tell me the reason." So we left the so-called abandoned village of the dwarfs, and traveled on toward the east.

Again I must pass over many adventures. One, which occurred among a tribe called the Ashangos, I must relate. The Ashangos are a wild and warlike people. We reached one of their villages, called Niembouai, where we were kindly received. But there seemed to me to be a little doubt among the people, and I thought it expedient to give them an exhibition to convince them of my power. The chief, his queen, and the forty-three elders of the village were all assembled. I gave them presents of beads and trinkets. Then I ordered my guns to be fired. This filled them with fear. "He holds the thunder in his hand!" they exclaimed. Then I brought out a large musical box, wound it up, and set it agoing. They listened to the sound, and were fully persuaded that the devil was in the box, talking to me. Then I removed the musical box, brought out a powerful electric battery, and directed the king and the forty-three elders to stand in a line, holding on to the conducting wire. Then I gave a strong shock. The arms of the elders twisted back and forth, their bodies writhed, their mouths opened; but they had no power to leave hold of the wire. I stopped the current of the electric fluid; the wire dropped from the elders' hands, and they began to explain how they had felt. A wild shout went up, and all were convinced that I was the greatest "oguizi" that had ever come among them. "Great oguizi!" they implored, "do not be angry with us." I told them not to be afraid, and had another salvo fired from my guns, which produced a lively excitement. The exhibition was wound up by the production of a powerful magnet, which held up their knives and other implements of iron. Of this they were much afraid, and would not even venture to touch it. The electric battery had begun the work; the magnet completed it. I was fairly established in the confidence of the people.

The very next day I fell into talk with the chief and elders about the dwarfs. They assured me that there was a village of them not very far off in the forest, to which I should be conducted. "But," said they, "the party must be small; for the Obongos are shy and easily frightened; to see them you must take them by surprise." So in the morning we set off—I, three of my Commi men, and two Ashangos. After a while we came to the village of the dwarfs. A little patch of underwood had been cut away, in the centre of which were twelve little huts. It was evidently a settlement of living beings, for the smoke was curling up and the fires were alight. On one bed of embers there was a piece of snake roasting, on another two rats were being cooked; and here and there baskets of nuts and berries, some large fruits, bundles of dried fish, and calabashes of water. But not a dwarf was to be seen. We called aloud, but got no answer. We followed some of their tracks, but all in vain. "You can not overtake them," said the Ashangos, "for they can run through the jungle as fast as an antelope, and as silently as a snake. They are afraid of you, and are by this time far away."

I hung upon the branches of the trees some strings of bright beads, three legs of goat's meat, and a few other presents, hoping that when the dwarfs came back and saw what had been left for them they would become less timid. Next day we set off again, and upon reaching the village found it had been abandoned. We crept cautiously through the woods, and came upon another village. This too seemed deserted; but I thought I caught a glimpse of three little creatures creeping on their bellies through the low doors of their houses. We called out, but all was silent. I lay on my belly, thrust my head and shoulders into a hut, and felt all around with my hands, for it was quite dark within. At last I touched something warm. It was the leg of a human being, and that being a dwarf. "Don't be afraid," I said, in the Ashango language, which I had been told was understood by the Obongos; and I dragged the little creature out, she shrieking violently. It proved to be a little old woman, neither white nor black, but of a yellow mulatto color. Her face was as wrinkled as a baked apple, and the hair grew in little separate tufts all over her head. Putting in my hand again, I pulled out two other dwarfs, also women, but not so old as the first. The three captives began to cry and sing mournful songs, evi-

dently thinking that their last hour had come. We soon succeeded in pacifying them, and they sat quietly looking at us. Then I heard a rustling in another hut, and found it filled with the tiniest children. It seems that they had been left in the village in care of the three women, while the rest went to gather fruits, nuts, and berries, and to look after their traps. The women seemed well proportioned, but their eyes were wild, their foreheads low and narrow, their cheek-bones prominent, their hair of a rusty black. The children were somewhat lighter in color. I gave them some meat, which they seized as any other children would do, and ran off with it. We waited a long time, hoping for the return of the others. At last I told the women that we would come back the next day, and bring them meat and beads.

I made several visits to the settlement, and in time got to be friendly with the Obongos, especially with Misounda, the old woman whom I had so rudely pulled out of her own house. Finally all the members of the community came to be quite familiar. At one time there was a feast, at which there were fifty-nine, men, women, and children. A few of them were under four feet in height, but the majority were from four feet two to four feet seven inches. They were stoutly built, with broad chests and long arms. Their legs were small but muscular.

I must put together in a few words the substance of some of the conversations which I had with these Obongos:

"Why don't you build villages, as other people do?"

"We never remain long in the same place. If we did, we should starve. When we have gathered all the nuts and berries, and trapped all the game in a neighborhood, we move off to some other part of the forest. We love to move; we love to be free, like the antelopes and gazelles."

"Why don't you plant for food, as other people do?"

"Why should we work, when there are plenty of fruits, nuts, berries, and game in the woods, fish in the rivers, and snakes, rats, and mice are abundant? And if we had villages, the big people would come and make war upon us, capture us, or kill us."

"Why don't you make clothing?"

"We can keep warm by the fire; and the big people give us their grass-cloth when they have done wearing it."

"Why don't you work iron, and make spears and axes to defend yourselves with?"

"We don't know how to work iron, and it's hard work. We make bows, and know how to poison arrows. We make traps to catch game, and we love to go hunting."

"Why don't you build bigger huts?"

"We don't want any bigger ones. These are good enough: they keep off the rain."

And so on. If perfect contentment is wisdom, the Obongos are quite as wise as bigger persons. I felt a great desire to learn how and where they bury their dead. To own the truth, I wanted the skeleton of one of these dwarfs to bring home with me. I would have been willing to have given a thousand dollars for one. But my Ashangos told me that it would be useless to ask. "They will not even tell us, who are their friends, where they bury their dead; for they are afraid we should get one of the skulls, which would be a fetich, by which we could always find out where they were in the forest." The Ashangos told me, however, that when a dwarf dies there is great sorrow, and the men go out and look for a tall tree, hollow at the top. If they find one, the corpse is brought, hauled up to the top, and dropped into the hollow, which is filled up with leaves and twigs. If they can not find such a tree, they go far into the forest, till they come to a brook, which they turn from its bed, in which they dig a deep hole, where they bury the body, and then turn the water back again. "And so," they said, "the water forever runs over the grave; and no man can ever tell where an Obongo is buried."

When my time for departure came I bid a farewell to these Obongos. In parting they shook hands with me, saying, "You will see more little dwarfs in the countries where you are going. Be kind to them, as you have been to us." If I had been able to accomplish the journey upon which I had started, I have no doubt that I should have come upon many more Obongos. For, to say nothing of the uniform testimony of the people themselves, the reports of their wide-spread existence are so numerous as to furnish a strong presumption that they have a basis of fact; and my own observation shows that they have an actual existence. My belief is that these Obongos are the very same people of whom Homer and Herodotus had heard; and that although they are still more dwarfish than the Bushmen of South Africa, and somewhat darker in color, they belong to the same race.

Thus does Paul du Chaillu take leave of the dwarfs, whose existence he has been the first civilized man to prove from actual observation. It is something for one man, after a lapse of almost 2500 years, to demonstrate the truthfulness of the "Father of History" upon two matters, the gorilla and the pigmies, which have been most called in question. Of the remainder of his journey, and its disastrous termination, we shall speak but briefly.

Going still eastward through Ashango land, the people grew more and more suspicious. Still Paul, with his unfailing tact, managed to conciliate them, until one unlucky day his faithful Igalo by an accidental shot killed a man and a woman, the sister of the queen. The people rose in tumult; a fierce fight, or rather series of running fights, ensued. Paul was wounded twice, once by a poisoned arrow, and again by a spear-thrust. Several of the Ashangos fell, shot dead. Paul lost almost every thing in the retreat, saving only his guns and ammunition, and his manuscript journals. On the first page of each of these he had written, "Copy of Du Chaillu's African Journal. Should death overtake me, and should these, my journals, find their way to a civilized country, it is my wish that Messrs. John Murray, of London, and Harper & Brothers, of New York, shall publish an account of my journey, if they feel inclined to do so." These journals were, however, saved by Paul, and furnish the groundwork of this account.

We pass over the incidents of the journey back to the sea, noting only one scene. Paul thought all was over with him. So he spoke to his faithful Igalo: "We have lost every thing but these books, in which I have written down all we have done. If I fall, take them with you to the sea, and when a vessel comes, give them to the captain, and tell him, 'Chally, our friend, is dead. He died far away, without fear, and told us to give these to the white man.'" The faithful Commi men exclaimed, "Chally, Chally, you are not to die. We will take you alive to our people. We will all go back to the sea-shore together. You shall see the blue ocean, and a vessel will come and carry you home." Then, shouldering their bundles and guns, they struggled through the entangled thicket until they came to a village. Through this they passed in silence, rejoicing that they had created no alarm, when all at once a bonfire blazed before them. "As we stood motionless," writes Paul, "a voice spoke out from the darkness: 'It is the Oguizi people. Go on; you will find the path smooth. There is no more war before you.' It was the voice of the old King of Niembouai-Olemba. Instead of a death-struggle, we had found friends."

So they marched back through the Ashira country, passing Olenda's village, where they did not stop, and finally regained the sea-shore. "I had," writes Paul, "gone safely through pestilence, fire, famine, and war, and when I looked at the sea once more, my heart rose in gratitude to that God who had so marvelously watched over me—the humble traveler in Equatorial Africa. I found at the mouth of the river an English trading vessel—the *Maranee*—and, six days after my arrival on the coast, at the close of the year 1866, I sailed for England. And thus I left the shores of Equatorial Africa, followed to the beach with the blessings and good wishes of its inhabitants."

"And now," writes Paul to his young readers in closing, "let us bid forever adieu to the regions of Equatorial Africa. Let us always be friends, and when I travel again in distant lands, I shall not fail to tell you what I have seen in my journeyings. Norway, Sweden, and Lapland are the countries where I am going to take you next."

The closing pages of Paul's "Land of the Dwarfs" were, indeed, written on the voyage to the far North. The dedication to Mr. Fletcher Harper, "not only as an acknowledgment of many kindnesses which I have received from you during the years in which you have been the publisher of my books, but also as a token of personal affection and esteem," was written in August from the North Cape, Norway. As we pen these lines Paul himself comes back from the north of Europe, having, as he tells us, met with things, almost at the pole, quite as interesting as he had before met with at the equator: which things, we trust, he will soon tell by tongue and pen.

LORD BYRON.

IN L'Estrange's "Life of the Rev. W. Harness" we find these anecdotes of Lord Byron:

At a time when Coleridge was in great embarrassment, Rogers, when calling on Byron, chanced to mention it. He immediately went to his writing-desk, and brought back a check for a hundred pounds, and insisted on its being forwarded to Coleridge. "I did not like taking it," said Rogers, who told me the story, "for I knew that he was in want of it himself." His servants he treated with a gentle consideration for their feelings which I have seldom witnessed in any other, and they were devoted to him. At Newstead there was an old man who had been butler to his mother; and I have seen Byron, as the old man waited behind his chair at dinner, pour out a glass of wine and pass it to him when he thought we were too much engaged in conversation to observe what he was doing. The transaction was a thing of custom; and both parties seemed to flatter themselves that it was clandestinely effected. A hideous old woman, who had been brought in to nurse him when he was unwell at one of his lodgings, and whom few would have cared to retain about them longer than her services were required, was carried with him, in improved attire, to his chambers in the Albany, and was seen, after his marriage, gorgeous in black silk, at his house in Piccadilly. She had done him a service, and he could not forget it. Of his attachment to his friends, no one can read "Moore's Life" and entertain a doubt. He required a great deal from them—not more, perhaps, than he, from the abundance of his life, freely and fully gave, but more than they had to return. The ardor of his nature must have been in a normal state of disappointment. He imagined higher qualities in them than they possessed, and must very often have found his expectations sadly balked by the dullness of talk, the perversity of taste, or the want of enthusiasm which he encountered on a better, or rather longer, acquaintance. But, notwithstanding, I have never yet heard any body complain that Byron had once appeared to entertain a regard for him, and had afterward capriciously cast him off.

Years after they had met for the last time, Lady Byron went with Mrs. Jameson to see Thorwaldsen's statue of her husband, which was at Sir Richard Westmacott's studio. After looking at it in silence for a few moments, the tears came into her eyes, and she said to her companion, "It is very beautiful, but not so beautiful as my dear Byron." However interrupted by changes of caprice or irritability, the general course of her husband's conduct must have been gentle and tender, or it never would, after so long a cessation of intercourse, have left such kindly impressions behind it. I have, indeed, reason to believe that these feelings of affectionate remembrance lingered in the heart of Lady Byron to the last. Not a fortnight before her death I dined in company with an old lady who was at the time on a visit to her. On this lady's returning home, and mentioning whom she had met, Lady Byron evinced great curiosity to learn what subjects we had talked about, and what I heard of them, "because I had been such a friend of her husband's." This instance of fond remembrance, after an interval of more than forty years, in a woman of no very sensitive nature—a woman of more intellect than feeling—conveys to my mind no slight argument in defense of Byron's conduct as a husband.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

ROBINS are famous for their longevity; we have known several who lived to a great age; and we have been told that one lived for the space of *fifteen* years in the cathedral of Salisbury, England, usually perching on one of the pinnacles of the great organ during the time of divine service, and accompanying the solemnity with its harmonious strains.

In Devonshire the redbreast is called the "Farewell Summer." In Wales he is considered, like Prometheus, the victim of his own philanthropy—of his love for the race of man. Not only the "Babes in the Wood," but mankind at large—if the Welsh legend be true—are indebted to these deserving favorites. How could any child help regarding the little bird "with bosom red" with affection, when assured that "far, far away is a land of woe, darkness, spirits of evil, and fire, and that day by day does the little bird bear in its bill a drop of water to quench the flame, and so near to the burning stream does he fly that his dear little feathers are scorched, and hence he is named 'Bron rhuddyn' [breast-burned, or breast-scorched]; and that to serve little children the robin dares approach the infernal pit, and that no good child will hurt the devoted benefactor to man. The robin returns from the land of fire, and therefore he feels the *cold* of winter far more than his brother birds. He shivers in the wintry blast; he is hungry, and so he chirps before your door. Oh, my child, then, in gratitude throw a few crumbs to poor Robin Redbreast."

The Yorkshire country people have a real horror of killing a robin, and with good reason; for they say, and firmly believe, that if a robin is killed, one of the cows belonging to the person will give bloody milk. And it is said for a fact that a young farmer at Borobridge was determined to try and see if this bit of "folk-lore" could be verified. With this intent, one day he shot a robin purposely; when lo! the next morning his uncle's best cow, a healthy beast of some twelve or thirteen years, gave half a pailful of red milk, and did so for three days in succession—morning and evening. The liquid was of a pink color, which, after standing in the pail, became clearer, and when poured out, there was found a deep red sediment at the bottom.

The same superstition is likewise prevalent in Switzerland. The robin there alone, of all birds, enjoys immunity from the gun of the Alpine herdsman, who believes the same tradition with John Brodie, of Yorkshire, respecting the cows, should a robin be killed on his pastures.

In France likewise the robin meets with mercy at the hands of the sportsman, who is generally any thing *but* sentimental; while the Breton peasant holds him in positive veneration. Mr. Chambers, in his "Book of Days," says, "The robin is fortunate in the superstitions which attach to him. 'There's a divinity doth hedge a robin,' which keeps him from innumerable harms."

In Suffolk, England, there is a saying, "You must not take robins' eggs; if you do, you will have your legs broken! and, accordingly, those eggs on long strings, of which boys are so proud, are never to be seen in that county; and one that kills a robin is sure to be unlucky."

"How badly you write!" was one day said to a boy in a parish school: "your hand shakes so that you can't hold your pen steadily. Have you been running?" "No," replied the lad; "it always shakes since a robin died in my hand: it is said if a robin dies in any one's hand, that hand will always shake."

Evil results, however, do not seem to have always followed the killing of a robin. "Who killed Cock Robin?" was the indignant and popular inquiry. "I," replied the sparrow, as bold as brass, without any apparent compunction of conscience—"I killed Cock Robin." As the sparrow did not even attempt to palliate his action by alleging the unhappy result to have been accidental, but even freely acknowledged with what weapon it had been effected, we fear that it was a willful murder. True, that

> "All the birds of the air fell sighing and sobbing
> When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin."

Yet still in this case we do not learn from subsequent history that any retributive justice fell upon the shedder of poor Robin's blood.

It is said of the redbreast that if he finds the dead body of any rational creature, he will cover over the face at least, if not the whole body, with leaves. The burial covering, with leaves, of the Children in the Wood, and the play of "Cymbeline," are supposed to have given birth to the tradition; but this charitable office, however, which these productions have ascribed to Robin, is of very early date; for in Thomas Johnson's "Cornucopia" (1596) it is related that "the robin, if he finds a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with mosse; and some thinke that if the body should remaine unburied, that he would cover the whole body also."

Drayton, too, in the "Owl," ascribes to the robin the office of covering the dead:

> "Covering with mosse the dead's uncloséd eye,
> The little redbreast teaches charitie."

Webster, also, in his "White Devil," speaks of his sexton-like propensities:

> "Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
> Since o'er shady groves they hover,
> And with leaves and flowers do cover
> The friendless bodies of unburied men."

We find also in the "West Country Damosel's Complaint"—a ballad of the time of James or Charles I.—that the lover says, in allusion to his dead mistress:

> "Come, come, you gentle redbreast now,
> And prepare for us a tomb,
> While unto cruel death I bow
> And sing like a swan my doom."

THE PRINCE'S PLAYTHINGS.

THE correspondent of an English paper gives a very interesting account of the recent sale of the playthings of the Prince Imperial of France. After describing the sale of the effects belonging to the imperial household, he says:

"The Prince Imperial's toys and school-room belongings have been disposed of. It was hardly fair to bring his effects to the hammer. Many valuable objects presented to him during the sunshine of his sire's prosperity were lumped up in the civil-list property. A velocipede, very elegantly constructed, and with silver mountings, said to have been the one presented to the Prince Imperial by Alphonse of Spain, was bought by a wealthy petroleum merchant from Oil City, Pennsylvania. This purchaser intends to place the velocipede under a glass case upon his drawing-room chimney-piece as a 'reminder to his sons that richer men than ile-strikers can bust up.' There were cases of mathematical instruments in the school-room lots on which both fancy and money had been lavished. The steel parts were covered with Damascus arabesques. The toys were generally well preserved. Few of the playthings of early babyhood were produced. What were disposed of dated within the last eight or nine years. The mimic cannons were very neatly executed, and quite capable of killing a poodle at fifty yards. A world of pains had been evidently taken with the prince who was to have inherited the empire of the Napoleons to get into his head, by means of object lessons, the technicalities of Vauban and Cohorn. He was given toy fortresses with toy lunes and demi-lunes; toy ditches, toy counterscarps, toy positions—such as woods, hills, and streams, whose tin beds could be flushed; toy siege-guns, and endless hosts of toy combatants, capable of being fastened on movable slabs in regular or irregular order. Then he had raised plans of Chalons and of Luneville, with microscopic tents to pitch on the plateau of the Mourmelon. A fortress, supposed to be Cherbourg, with a glass sea in front, and a fleet manœuvred by means of loadstones, got crushed and broken, and was finally thrown into a heap of rubbish.

"The Prince Imperial was fond of marionettes. His Punch and Judy Theatre, the plaything that had seen most service, was beautifully got up. He was debarred by his rank from that wholesome rivalry with boys of his age which finds vent in out-door games and trials of strength and pluck. His little steam-press used to be very cleverly manipulated. In a case belonging to it there were some imaginary state papers—probably intended for a practical joke—the work of the young Napoleon. This press had grown rusty from long lying in the garde-meuble, and was, with many other things, knocked down as old iron. A charming box of small-sized carpenters' tools and polished walnut bench were also the worse for damp and dust. Among them were thrown in a bundle of ivory-handled turning instruments and some awkwardly turned peg-tops, balls, and draughtsmen. Then there were lock-smiths' tools, made for little hands, and locks whose evident destination was to be taken to pieces and put together again. A few piles of books lay in a dark corner amidst a heap of rubbish. Thrown along with them were jointed maps in perfect condition—too perfect to have been used. Nearly a score of copy-books bore witness to the polyglot accomplishments of the prince. They contained German, French, English, and Italian exercises, in a fair round hand, and very cleanly written. Those in English had an Exeter Hall smack. They were in all cases highly moral, and in many instances Biblical. The empress objected to French Protestantism, but it would appear that she had nothing to say against heresy when it took a Britannic form.

"On the whole, there was little to object to in the training of the young prince, and, given his isolated and unnatural position, much to approve, if the toys and school-room belongings exhibited last week can be taken as a criterion. Possibly there was too much pains taken to make him think the first Napoleon the greatest man that ever lived, and soldiering the science of sciences for a boy destined to rule over 36,000,000 subjects. From all that I have been able to see of his toys, books, and other belongings, not many refinements of luxury were provided for him by his parents and tutors. Except in babyhood, the most costly things given him were by the Prefect of the Seine, the Princess Mathilde, the Duke de Mouchy, the Pacha of Egypt, and the Emperor and Empress of Russia. Few of their extravagantly expensive presents have found their way into the market."